

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

THE LIGUORIAN

October

1943

ESSAY ON LOVE ✓

D. F. MILLER

*Kiss husband
Feb. 1943*

NATURE'S GLOBE-TROTTERS

F. A. BRUNNER

ANTIDOTE FOR ANTI-LIFE

F. BOCKWINKEL

SHOES FOR SYBIL - a story

G. J. CORBETT

TIM - a story

J. A. BRUNNER

FOR PEACE:

✓
PROPHECY OF PEACE
ON FIGHTING FOR PEACE

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Per Year \$1.00

Canada and Foreign \$1.25

Single Copies 10c

AMONGST OURSELVES

Few readers of *THE LIGUORIAN* whose acquaintance with it goes back more than a year are without memories of one of its most faithful and versatile staff members through many years. *Christopher D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.*, author of the famous Father Tim Casey series and one of the original founders of *THE LIGUORIAN* in 1913, was ordained in 1917, studied at Rome, returned to this country to teach Moral Theology for a number of years, became rector of the Redemptorist Theological Seminary and Provincial of the St. Louis Province of Redemptorists. Finally he was named Consul General at Rome for all American Redemptorists, a position he has held to this day. Before the war, his Father Tim Casey stories crossed the seas regularly and no issue of *THE LIGUORIAN* seemed complete without one. With the declaration of war between the United States and Italy, communications of course were stopped. With the Nazis occupying Rome and the city in turmoil, we are not without misgivings as to what is happening to Father McEnniry, an American citizen. We hope and pray that the occupation will soon be lifted and Father Tim Casey released along with his worthy creator.

Donald J. Corrigan, C.Ss.R., ordained 1930, is *THE LIGUORIAN*'s expert on interracial affairs. While a professor at St. Joseph's College, Kirkwood, Missouri, he has maintained a deep interest in Negro problems for over ten years. He has taught catechism in Negro schools, has instructed scores of Negroes for the Catholic faith, and written many articles in *THE LIGUORIAN* breathing both thorough knowledge of the problems and uninhibited Catholic charity and zeal. His latest article, *The Voice of Catholic Negroes*, which appeared some months ago, was widely reprinted and quoted.

Martin S. Bringasi, C.Ss.R., ordained 1925, though his name seldom appears in *THE LIGUORIAN*, is nevertheless the faithful selector and editor of the *Liguoriana*, the monthly excerpts from the writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori, after whom *THE LIGUORIAN* is named. He is located at Oconomowoc, and is superintendent of the book-binding department of the seminary there. Those who order bound copies of a year's issues of *THE LIGUORIAN* have him to thank for the excellent work that is done on them.

The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

L. G. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

T. TOBIN, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: J. BRUNNER, C.Ss.R.

One Dollar per Year

(Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

Published with ecclesiastical approval.

THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine
Dedicated to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XXXI

OCTOBER, 1943

No. 9

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

Essay on Love - - - - -	579
D. F. MILLER	
Prophecy of Peace - - - - -	585
R. J. MILLER	
Nature's Globe-Trotters - - - - -	599
F. A. BRUNNER	
On Fighting for Peace - - - - -	605
T. COZZENS	
Open Letter to Husbands and Wives - - - - -	611
D. F. MILLER	
Antidote for Anti-Life - - - - -	621
F. BOCKWINKEL	

STORIES

Shoes for Sybil - - - - -	595
G. J. CORBETT	
Peek-A-Boo - - - - -	610
F. A. RYAN	
Tim - - - - -	617
J. A. BRUNNER	

FEATURES

The Gate (Verse) - - - - -	578
D. F. MILLER	
Thought For the Shut-In - - - - -	584
L. F. HYLAND	
For Wives and Husbands Only - - - - -	594
L. M. MERRILL	
Tests of Character - - - - -	598
L. M. MERRILL	
Three Minute Instruction - - - - -	616
Moments at Mass - - - - -	624
F. A. BRUNNER	

DEPARTMENTS

Sideglances - - - - -	625
Catholic Anecdotes - - - - -	627
Pointed Paragraphs - - - - -	629
Liguoriana - - - - -	634
Book Lovers' Department - - - - -	636
Lucid Intervals - - - - -	640

THE GATE

All that I do is sit and watch the gate
And wonder where he is . . . and wait . . . and wait.

The gate is old and bent and cannot swing
Without a sound like blackbirds in the Spring.

Strange that so dull a thing should fascinate
And weave so many memories, as a gate . . .

As just a lad of four how oft he clung
Tensely upon it, like a steed, and swung.

At seven, how he'd slam it in his wake,
Rushing from school, scenting my new-made cake.

At twelve how great he was that he could run
And hurdle it when called away from fun.

And every dusk, he's leaning there, it seems,
Telling his first young love the stuff of dreams.

Others may come, and others through it go—
His hand upon it, his step I'd surely know.

I wonder where he is, this night, this day,
Since, khaki-clad and brave, he went away,

Since last I heard the creaking of the gate—
Beneath his hand, my heart disconsolate.

I sit and watch, yearning to see it swing—
And hear again the blackbirds in the Spring.

—D. F. Miller.

ESSAY ON LOVE

For young people in love, or not yet in love: how to make love lasting as every lover swears it will be.

D. F. MILLER

MANY of the personal and social problems of our times may be traced back to incorrect and distorted ideas of the nature of love. We speak, not of love in its widest sense, as it is meant to embrace God first and all men thereafter, but of love in the specific sense in which it draws young (and sometimes old) people together and leads them toward the state of marriage. This is the kind of love of which young people are thinking when they ask the question of retreat-masters: "What is love?" This is the love that has so much dependent upon it — happiness in marriage, the begetting and raising of children, fidelity and sacrifice and all the virtues that make up a peaceful and prosperous society, that, when its essential meaning is lost or unknown, society itself begins to crumble and decay.

For the enlightenment and happiness of young people especially, we propose to demonstrate two reasons why divorce is multiplying, why homes are unhappy, why fidelity and perseverance in love are becoming more and more rare and unusual in the world. Both reasons have to do with misconceptions about love; both misconceptions seem to be part of the popular attitude toward love. The first misconception or error concerning love between man and maid is that which looks upon it as something essentially emotional and ungovernable, subject to no rule or reason, absolute and final, irresistible and tyrannical. This idea of love may be traced back to the influence of false philosophies of which many a person who holds it has never specifically heard. Certainly it stemmed from the many and widespread forms of philosophy that flourished in the past 200 years, which have had only one thing in common, viz., the thesis that the reason of human beings cannot be trusted to guide them either to truth in the abstract nor to right principles of conduct in their personal affairs. Reason cannot know anything beyond that which the eyes can see and the hands touch and the feelings desire, say these philosophies. If that were true, then it would have to be admitted that emotions and feelings become the tyrants in human

affairs. If that were true, then the will would have nothing to say about the hates and loves that rise instinctively in the animal part of a man. If that were true, then it would indeed be true that love is a feeling, a strong sense of physical and emotional attraction, overwhelming when present, non-existent and impossible when no feelings are there.

BUT all this is actually the contrary of the truth. That which deserves the name of love is not truly present in a human heart, so long as the feelings and passions alone are involved. The reason for this is because there is no truly human activity rightly so called that has not been brought under the judgment and analysis of reason and the free choice and decision of the will. It is true that between a certain man and a certain woman a strong, almost violent, sense of physical and personal attraction may prevail. This attraction may subsist on the animal plane alone; it may be the equivalent of the unrational attraction that brings two brutes together in the season designed for their mating. It should not properly be called love until its circumstances have been evaluated by the reason, and until the will, accepting the judgment of the reason that it is good and salutary, elevates the physical attraction to a free act whereby it seeks union with the one beloved.

All this may seem very technical and scientific, but in practical language and everyday experience, it can be seen to be the explanation of many unhappy marriages and ruined lives. Who has not met the starry-eyed young woman who has "fallen in love" with the weasel-minded, spoiled, dapper but undeveloped and unprincipled young man? She means that she is strongly attracted to him; she likes his looks, is captivated by his manner; is physically stirred by his presence. Who has not tried to convince such a young person that attraction is not love; that love is free; that love must be based on the testimony of reason as to all the qualities of the one to be loved: the spiritual and moral, the intellectual and religious, as well as those that send tremors through the senses alone? The answer is usually the irrational and mistaken and meaningless phrase: "But I love him," and the result is usually a few months of dizzy sense gratification, and a remaining lifetime of disillusionment and loneliness. It all comes of foreswearing one's reason and shackling one's freedom when it comes to the most important thing in life, viz., love.

Yet, thousands are making the same mistake. Unconsciously they

THE LIGURIAN

have taken over from the witless philosophers their scorn of reason and their ridicule of free will. All that is important to them is feeling. They do not yet know (they will learn — how quickly they will learn!) that feelings come and go, that feelings change, that feelings cannot support the hard and long responsibilities of marriage. How ignorant they are of the fact that when in the marriage ceremony they pronounce the vow that they will be loyal until death, the words have no meaning unless they embrace the promise that, no matter how feelings rise and fall, come and go, wax hot and cold, they will love with their will forever. They know nothing about the will; they recognize only feelings, and when feelings die they let loyalty die as well. There is the cause of one-half the broken and unhappy marriages in the world today.

THE other half, speaking broadly, arise from the second misconception: this is that love, even at its best and truest, can survive on its own strength and vitality alone; in short, that love is an end and not a means. The historic ending of romantic novels has hammered home this misconception: "they were married and lived happily ever after." The assumption is that just because they were in love and were united, happiness was theirs. Nothing could be farther from the stark and simple truth.

The truth is this: that every form of true love awakened by the Creator in human hearts, yes, and every likeness of that love in irrational creation, has been awakened for a purpose, for a work to be done, for a further end to be attained. The plant loves the sun, and turns its face to its rays; it loves the rain and spreads its leaves to greet it; it loves the soil and twines its roots around it — all for a purpose, that it may produce the flower or fruit for which it has been designed. All the loves in human hearts have a purpose, a work to do; the love of mother and father for child is to guide the child toward self-supporting manhood or womanhood; the love of friend for friend is to help the friend in material and spiritual ways; the love of child for parents is to give back to the parents in old age what the parents gave to the weakness and helplessness of childhood. So inseparable are these concepts that nowhere can love be found without a work it is supposed to do, and nowhere does love remain when no longer it has or is given any work to do.

All this can be applied to the love between man and woman, the love that leads to marriage. They who enter marriage with the thought that

THE LIGUORIAN

they have reached a final goal, that all that is left in life now is to enjoy their love and keep it to themselves, are the very ones in whose hearts love soon runs cold. Love lives and grows stronger when it plans and works and sacrifices to achieve its goals; love dies and disappears when it has nothing to do.

This explains the gradual decay of many, many marriages that began happily. The work intended for love in marriage is varied and continuous. That love is to inspire husband and wife to help one another more easily to attain the happiness of heaven. It is to create and furnish a home, and to people that home with children, the direct and primary fruits of love. It is to plan and work out the physical well-being and growth, the education and intellectual development, the moral and spiritual upbringing of every child that love has brought into the home. It is to inspire the sharing of joys — rather the creating of joys for one another and for the children, and the lightening of burdens and sorrows that come to one or to all by the sympathy that only love can give. Unless lovers look on their love as destined to do all these things, they will soon find it a very feeble and ephemeral thing.

Yet it seems that much of the world is conspiring today to separate love from its tasks, to starve it by giving it nothing to do. Thousands have been deprived of religion, by the negligence of their parents and the paganism of public education and the sophistries of high school and university professors, and as a result, when they marry, they have not the faintest idea of helping one another attain the happiness of heaven. Contraception, or birth prevention, has all but been made one of the aims of marriage, and its promoters say in effect to the newly married couple: "Your love is sufficient unto itself. Enjoy it fully. Indulge it freely. But, don't let it accomplish anything. Don't let it take its natural course. Don't let it deprive you of your facility to enjoy life by leading to pregnancy and childbirth. We shall teach you what every bride and bridegroom should know: how to make and keep love sterile and fruitless." Every day experience is proving that such self-inflicted sterility is the death of love.

The same spirit is at work in regard to the other tasks love is intended to fulfill. Because there are many schools, the education of children is thought to be taken care of entirely outside the home, — is thought to be the function solely of the school, whereas nature intended it to be primarily the exercise of the love that God made the foundation

THE LIGUORIAN

of the home. Love lives and increases when it works; love dies when it has nothing to do. The love of parents for children and of children for parents flourishes when it is ceaselessly working for one another; it dies when it begins to think its tasks are all fulfilled by someone outside the home. Because today, amusement and entertainment are produced on a gigantic scale by big business methods outside the home, it is thought that there is no necessity any longer of seeking joy and laughter, good times and merriment, within the home; home is the place to leave when entertainment is sought today. And yet nature intended that the fondest joys and happiest times in human life should be produced by love, not by big business, and should at the same time, be the strengtheners of love. Love lives when it works, love dies when it has nothing to do. Above all, nature intended love to be the warmest sympathy in sorrow; the stalwart comforter in pain; yet many a divorce has been demanded on the plea that one human being should not be asked to share the sorrows or sufferings of another. Love grows strong when it comforts a loved one; it dies when it seeks itself alone.

To those, then, who are contemplating marriage, remotely or proximately, this would be our advice. Don't let the false philosophies of the world pervert the true idea of love. Love is an exercise of the will, subject to freedom, answerable to reason as the judge of what is worthy of love. Love may begin with attraction — physical, intellectual, social or superficial; if it ends there, if it is left outside the will, it will certainly be incapable of producing the joys or carrying the responsibilities of marriage. Don't let the world deceive you into thinking that love is its own reward; that it is the end of life and purpose of marriage in itself alone. Love is an inspiration toward achievement; love is a means of accomplishment; love must be fruitful, love must constantly be doing things for the one loved and for God, otherwise it will die like a body deprived of food, like a plant that no longer has flower or fruit toward which to grow.

Epitaph Department

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion,
His son keeps on the business still
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

— *Upton-on-Severn, Gloucester.*

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

ON EXPECTATIONS

L. F. HYLAND

In moments of distress and hardship we instinctively seek relief from the present, either in the memory of past joys or the expectation of future happiness. Of the two, the latter has far more force and effectiveness. We have memories only of earthly joys, and these, despite the spell that time and distance weave around them, are always imperfect and incomplete in some way. But expectations can embrace a future in which there will be no cause for mourning or grieving any more.

Sick persons should always be able to find relief in the contrasting thought of what their bodies will be like after the woes and trials of this life are over. For each one, pictures of what they will mean can be drawn from the earthly experiences of the Saviour.

The human body, in heaven, will be incapable of suffering. It will be as the body of the Redeemer was after His resurrection. He appeared with the marks of the nails in His hands and feet, and the signs of all His wounds, but these were the source of no pain or weakness—all the pain was ended forever. It is not known whether we shall bear any marks of the illnesses and pains our bodies endured on earth—like glorified scars, when we enter heaven; it is known that the body will not be capable of suffering any more.

The body will be swift in movement in heaven—no longer subject to the slow step-by-step progress it can make on earth. Even the fabulous speeds achieved by mechanical means on earth, will be surpassed, for in an instant a person will be able to transport himself from one place to another. This can be seen in the manner in which Christ transported Himself to the midst of the sea and appeared walking on the waves when His Apostles were in danger.

The body will no longer be subject to resistance in heaven; it will be capable of passing through other material things. Thus the Lord entered the room in which the Apostles were hidden on the day of His resurrection, though "the doors were shut and bolted."

And the body will be brilliant and glorious with beauty—so beautiful that if a glorified body were to appear to mortal men on earth their eyes would be dazzled and blinded and they would fall in a faint to the ground. So it happened when the Saviour was transfigured before the Apostles—so much beauty carried them out of themselves and they fell to the ground.

Thoughts of these truths can take the mind of the Shut-in away from his miseries, and fill his soul with hope and joy. They make pain bearable and fruitful, for they are thoughts of a reward for which no price will be esteemed too much to pay.

PROPHECY OF PEACE

Here is the story of the outstanding supernatural apparition of the 20th century. Note especially that it is predicted that Russia will be converted as the great means of peace.

R. J. MILLER

ON DECEMBER 8, 1942, Pope Pius XII consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Act of Consecration contained special reference to the people of Russia in the following terms:

"Give peace to the peoples separated by error or by discord, and especially to those who profess such singular devotion to thee, and in whose homes an honored place was ever accorded thy venerated icon (today perhaps often kept hidden to await better days); bring them back to the one fold of Christ under the one true shepherd."

"Thy venerated icon." . . . Before the advent of atheistic Communism, almost every home in Russia had a picture of Our Lady, called an "icon," displayed in a prominent place, and before which family prayers and other acts of devotion were performed. And under the reign of Communism, these icons are indeed "often kept hidden to await better days."

But why did the Pope consecrate the world and Russia precisely to the Immaculate Heart of Mary? Does he give us any clue as to what prompted him to choose this particular devotion for so solemn an act at a time when the world was at war, and official Soviet Russia was still the sworn enemy of religion and even of the Mother of God?

Yes, there is such a clue; and it leads us back to a story that is full of hope for peaceful days to come for the world, better days than ever, and the return of Russia from the ways of atheistic Communism to its ancient faith and love of the Mother of God, and a new devotion to the Pope of Rome.

On October 31, 1942, some weeks before the consecration of the whole world and Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Pope Pius XII took part, by means of a radio address, in the solemn closing of a jubilee year in Portugal. This jubilee year was to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of certain apparitions of Our Lady to three shepherd

children near a little place called Fatima in Portugal, apparitions during which she had requested that devotion be spread to her Immaculate Heart, and had predicted that the Pope would one day consecrate Russia to it, that Russia would then be converted, and that the world would have peace.

This is the clue; now for the story itself.

ON MAY 13, 1917, Eugene Pacelli was consecrated Bishop by Benedict XV in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. On that same day, by an extraordinary coincidence, occurred the first of the apparitions of Our Lady in Portugal.

Three small children, Lucy, ten years old, and her cousins Francis and Jacinta Marto, nine and seven, were tending sheep in the open country on a hill called the "Cova da Iria" near the little town of Fatima, Portugal. Simple country children, only Lucy had made her first Communion, and none of them could read or write. They had finished their frugal noonday meal and before beginning to play about the field where their sheep were pastured, set themselves to say the rosary. But in their eagerness for play, they found a way to finish the rosary very quickly. Running their little fingers rapidly over the beads, they repeated just the two words "Hail Mary," as they passed each bead, and the rosary was "said" in a trice!

But, then, before they could begin to play, a sudden flash of lightning startled them.

"We had better go home," said Lucy, "there is going to be a storm."

They began to go down the hillside, driving their sheep before them. Suddenly there was another brilliant flash of lightning, and then the children saw, standing as it were on the top of a stunted oak tree just before them, an indescribably lovely lady all dressed in white and shining as the sun, with a light, says Lucy, "more clear and intense than a glass vase full of crystal water being lighted up by the most burning rays of the sun." She adds: "We stood so near that we too were in the light she shed, only three or four feet away."

The children were badly frightened. But the Lady looked at them very kindly and said quietly: "Do not be afraid: I will not hurt you."

The tone of her voice and the sweetness of her regard, even in the midst of her splendor, caused the fears of the children to melt away, and they gazed with awe and rapture on the vision before them. Yet

it was so real, so unlike a fairy vision; the Lady was so much a being of flesh and blood, that it was hardly possible that she had been invisible a moment before. So it seemed to little Lucy, and she breathed her wondering question to the Lady: 'Where did you come from?'

Simply the Lady replied: "I come from Heaven."

"And what is it you want of me?"

"I have come to ask you," replied the Lady courteously to her forthright little questioner, "if you will come here during the next six months, on the thirteenth day and at the same hour each month; then it is I shall tell you who I am and what it is I want. And I shall return here still a seventh time."

By now Lucy was filled with unabashed childish confidence in the presence of the friendly Lady from Heaven, and she asked:

"Am I going to heaven, too?"

"Yes," replied the Lady, "you will go to heaven."

"And Jacinta?"

"Jacinta, too."

"And Francis?"

"Francis, too, but he will have to say many rosaries!" She continued: "Are you willing to offer yourselves to God to bear all the sufferings He wishes to send you in reparation for the sins with which He is offended, and as a prayer for the conversion of sinners?"

"Yes, we are willing," replied Lucy for all three.

"Then you are going to have much to suffer," replied the Lady, "but the grace of God will be your support."

At the words "grace of God," she opened her hands, and from them a still more intense light seemed to spring and flood the children, penetrating to their very hearts and souls. By a common impulse they fell upon their knees and all repeated as if inspired: "O Most Holy Trinity, I adore Thee! My God, I love Thee in the Blessed Sacrament!"

After a few moments of this kind of ecstasy, the Lady said: "Say the rosary every day for peace in the world and the end of the war." So saying, she began slowly to rise into the air, moving towards the east until she was lost to view in the sky.

SUCH was the apparition, and so it was related by the children to their parents and others on their return home. But to their sorrow, the story met with general unbelief. The parish priest gave the children

THE LIGUORIAN

no encouragement whatever, and Lucy's mother even beat the child on more than one occasion for insisting that she had seen the beautiful Lady.

On June 13, however, faithful to their promise, the three of them were present at the scene of the first apparition, together with a handful of country people who had been drawn by curiosity to see what would happen.

The Lady, too, was faithful. Promptly at mid-day she appeared to the children, although the other people present could see nothing. Again she requested that they return the 13th of the next month, July: urged them to say the rosary every day, and told Lucy to learn to read.

Lucy asked her: "Please take us to heaven."

The Lady replied: "Yes, Jacinta and Francis I shall take to heaven before long. But you must remain a little longer. Jesus wishes to make use of you in order to make me known and loved. He wishes to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart."

Again she opened her hands and flooded the children with a brilliant light that seemed to fill them and reveal them to themselves "as though they were looking into a mirror," as Lucy said, and then again she serenely ascended into the sky.

Her predictions as to the early death of Francis and Jacinta were fulfilled; both died within a few years. Lucy, likewise true to the prediction, is still living as Sister Mary Lucy of Jesus, a nun of the order of St. Dorothy in Portugal.

On the 13th of July there were a few more people present. The Lady appeared as before, and when Lucy asked her to tell them who she was, she replied: "Continue coming here each month. In October I shall tell you who I am, and shall work a miracle that all will see in order that they may believe you. Meanwhile, say the rosary often, make sacrifices for sinners, and say frequently, especially when you make a sacrifice: 'O Jesus, for Thy Love, for the conversion of sinners, and in reparation for the sins committed against the Immaculate Heart of Mary.'"

Then she opened her hands as on the previous occasions, but this time the light from them seemed to penetrate the earth and make it transparent, and far beneath, the children saw to their horror a sea of fire, in which were submerged devils and souls in the form of human beings, but with the color of fiery coals. The souls were being tossed to and fro by the waves of fire, as though deprived of weight and

THE LIGUORIAN

balance, uttering cries of agony and despair. The devils had horrible and revolting shapes of unknown animals, and were likewise being tossed to and fro with shrieks of pain and rage. The children were terrified and began to tremble with fear, and Lucy screamed aloud. They looked to the Lady for help, and she said with kindness and sadness in her voice:

"You have seen hell, where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them, God wishes to establish in the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If they do what I tell you, many souls will be saved and there will be peace. The war is going to be over, but unless they stop offending God, a worse one will break out. When you see a night made bright by an unknown light, know that it is the great sign God gives you that He is going to punish the world for its crimes by means of war and hunger. To prevent this, I shall seek to have Russia consecrated to my Immaculate Heart, and to have people receive Holy Communion in reparation on the first Saturdays of the month. If they give heed to my petition, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, Russia will spread its errors over the earth, provoking wars and persecution of the Church. Good people will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer, various nations will be annihilated. But in the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph. *The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me; Russia will be converted; and for a time the world will have peace.* And Portugal will always keep the faith."

SUCH is the account given by Lucy of what her beautiful Lady said to her on July 13, 1917, as published for the first time in the Portuguese periodical *Stella* for October, 1942.

"The night made bright by an unknown light," according to the account in *Stella*, may refer to the unusually brilliant "northern lights" which lit up all of Europe on the night of January 24-25, 1938. It is to be noted too, that the publication of these predictions of "the Lady" took place in October, 1942, hence *before* the Pope consecrated Portugal or the world to the Immaculate Heart.

The few people who had been present at the apparition of July 13 did not fail to publish their impressions far and wide. The clergy still maintained an attitude of aloofness, but the anti-Catholic element, of which there was a very vociferous representation in Portugal at the time, went into a kind of frenzy of attack, ridicule and denial regarding

the apparitions. So wrought up did they become, in fact, that they decided on drastic measures to put an end to this "superstition." Nothing short of kidnapping the children and holding them captives over the 13th of August at a safe distance from the scene of the apparitions, was the master strategy they proposed. One of the local political officials, a judge from the neighborhood of Fatima, actually put this scheme into effect. He inveigled the children into his car, drove them off, and held them prisoners until after the 13th. So there was no apparition on August 13th, although the Lady appeared to the children at a different place a few days later.

But kidnapping from the Mother of God is a dangerous business, and the judge found very definitely that as a means of putting an end to her apparitions it certainly did not pay. The fame of Fatima did not die down. People did not stop coming there. On September 13, there were *twenty thousand persons* waiting at noon, watching three little children who knelt and smiled and talked and prayed in the presence of a compelling reality, invisible to the crowd. The Lady again smiled upon her little favorites, again urged the recitation of the rosary as a means of hastening the end of the war, and again promised a miracle in October to prove the reality of the apparitions.

The anti-Catholic press now soared to new heights of feverish activity in its campaign against what it termed "this mass-credulity." And thanks in large part to this campaign, popular interest in the affair was aroused to an intense degree in every corner of Portugal, and on October 13, 1917, there were *sixty thousand* persons waiting in a down-pour of rain for the midday apparitions and the promised miracle.

Promptly at noon, the rain stopped, the clouds began to melt away, and the sun was soon shining in a cloudless sky. The Lady appeared to the children for the last time. They asked her for the cure of certain sick people. She replied: "Some will be cured; others, no. It is necessary that they amend and ask pardon of God for their sins." And assuming an expression of great sadness, she went on: "Tell them not to keep on offending Almighty God, Who is so much offended already."

The children remembered her promise to tell them who she was during the October apparition; and now she did so.

"I am the Lady of the Rosary," she said. "Do not fail to recite my rosary frequently and fervently. And do me the kindness of having a chapel built at this place in my honor."

THE LIGURIAN

As she concluded, she extended her hands and began to ascend towards the sky. But from the Lady's hands as she extended them there leaped brilliant shafts of light straight towards the noonday sun, dimming and overshadowing its splendor; and as she ascended, they continued to be turned upon the sun, as though to keep it in the background during the passage of the glorious Queen of Heaven.

"I am the Lady of the Rosary": now came apparitions which revealed her as Lady of the Joyful and the Sorrowful and the Glorious mysteries. After she had disappeared in the firmament, the children saw her reappear alongside the sun, together with her holy spouse, St. Joseph, who was holding the Infant Jesus on one arm, and blessing the earth with the other hand; this was Our Lady of the Joyful mysteries. Then appeared our Lord clothed in red, and Our Lady vested as the Mother of Sorrows, clearly indicating the sorrowful mysteries. Finally, Our Lady alone in the festive vesture of Our Lady of Carmel, representing the glorious mysteries.

THE crowd had seen nothing of all this, but as well as possible had followed the actions of the children. Now, however, came the great miracle or sign promised by the Blessed Virgin as proof of the reality of the apparitions.

An onlooker would have seen the crowd of sixty thousand suddenly, as one single person, gaze upwards towards the sky, and would have heard them cry out in terror: "The sun! The sun! The sun is moving!"

For the sun had undergone a strange and terrifying change. With its center like a disc of dull silver, its rim had turned into a fiery wheel and with dazzling speed. And from the rim mighty flames and flashes of light leaped to the very ends of the firmament, and seemed about to consume the earth. The startled, frightened shouts of the crowd turned into cries and screams of despair; many thought the end of the world had come. But then the cries faded away, for the people saw descending and resting over them something like a lovely shield of light, made up of all the colors of the rainbow, woven as it were into a magic tapestry. And directly over the spot where Our Lady had appeared, there was a column of smoke some ten or twenty feet above the earth.

These miracles of whirling sun, rainbow shelter, and column of smoke were repeated three times in the sight of the sixty thousand; the entire experience lasted about ten minutes. Pictures taken during the

time show the sun as a disc with a dark center and bright edges, as in an eclipse.

Needless to say the reports of the sixty thousand filled Portugal with their insistence, and the ecclesiastical authorities were practically forced to undertake an official investigation of the apparitions. Still they hesitated; and it was only five years later, May 15, 1922, that the Bishop of Leiria, where Fatima is located, officially inaugurated the investigation.

Eight full years were devoted to the work; and finally on October 13, 1930, the Bishop issued a statement declaring: "We judge it well: 1) to declare worthy of credence the visions which the little shepherds had on the 'Cova da Iria' on the 13th day of the months from May to October in the year 1917; 2) to authorize officially the cult of Our Lady of Fatima."

Meanwhile the faithful had been flocking to Fatima year by year, especially on the anniversaries of the apparitions. On May 13, 1931, was held the first official national pilgrimage; an immense throng of three hundred thousand pilgrims took part.

In 1936, when the red revolution broke out in Spain, there was danger it would spread to Portugal. The Bishops of Portugal, aware of the danger, ordered prayers to Our Lady of Fatima and made a vow that they would go in pilgrimage to her shrine if she delivered their country from the peril.

Their prayers were heard, and they kept their vow. On May 13, 1938, the Bishops of Portugal at the head of *more than half a million persons* paid their debt of gratitude at the shrine of Our Lady of Fatima.

FINALLY the year 1942 was celebrated as the silver jubilee year of the apparitions. The closing ceremonies of the jubilee were held on October 31, when Pius XII delivered a radio address in Portuguese, and concluded by consecrating Portugal to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. On December 8, he repeated the Act, consecrating the whole world, and especially Russia, to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, — as she herself had desired and predicted he would do.

And may she hasten the day of the verification of her other predictions, as Pius XII no doubt hoped in his own heart in making these Acts of Consecration, — namely, her prediction that she would appear at

THE LIGURIAN

Fatima for a seventh time, that Russia would be converted, and the world would have peace,—in short, the complete triumph of her Immaculate Heart.

—These “Fool” Americans—

* The famous Father Duffy of World War I fame tells the following story illustrating the difficulty that people of other countries have in understanding the curious strain of reckless idealism which is undoubtedly an American trait. At a hotel in France where he had temporary quarters he confided to the landlady that he had left a prosperous parish in New York to become an army chaplain. The good woman found this difficult if not impossible to understand. “You say that you had three assistant priests in your parish?” she asked. “Yes, Madame.” “But why did you not send one of your assistants, and you yourself stay at home?” “Because I had chosen to be a chaplain.” “Oh, perhaps the Germans destroyed your parish, as they did that of the priest in this town?” “No, the Germans have not got to New York yet, so my parish is still safe.” “Ah, then, I have it. No doubt the Government pays you more as chaplain than the church does as pastor.” The remark was made, Father Duffy goes on, with such evident desire to justify her good opinion of him as a rational being in spite of apparent foolishness that he could only say: “That is precisely the reason.” *

—Beautification of a Bishop—

Quotation from the *Seattle Times* of August 15:

* “The cause of the beautification of Archbishop Charles J. Seghers, predecessor of the Most Rev. Joseph Raphael Crimont, Alaska’s jubilarian bishop, has been undertaken as a project by Bishop Crimont. Archbishop Seghers was slain at a Northland mission Nov. 27, 1886.” *

The *Times* went on to add that Bishop Crimont was leaving on a tour “to promote interest in the cause and to gather documents and data essential to Archbishop Seghers’ cause for beautification.”

But how can the Archbishop be beautified, if he was beautiful from the start?

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

L. M. MERRILL

Problem: I am a widower, forty years old. My wife died two years ago, after fifteen years of happy wedded life. Before she died she asked me if I thought I would ever marry again. I was so grieved over the prospect of losing her that I almost swore that such a thing would never happen—that I would be faithful to her until my own death. Now, while I still think no one can ever take her place, and while I doubt I can ever love anyone as I loved her, I find the thought of re-marriage coming to my mind again and again. Shall I be doing wrong, or shall I be breaking a serious promise and injuring my first wife's memory or happiness if some day I should marry again?

Solution: On general principles it can certainly be stated that you will not be guilty of any wrong, either to your wife or your honor, if events so shape themselves that you will decide to marry again. Certainly such an action would not be contrary to any law of God or the Church. With regard to your wife's feelings in the matter, you may be certain that she sees things now in a far different light than she did before death, and if it turns out to be the will of God that you marry, she will want that more than anything else. With regard to your honor, it seems evident that you did not make a serious vow, and even if you did your confessor could take care of having it dissolved; what you did do was to make a promise, and for solid reasons, a promise of this kind can be broken.

You did not say whether you have any children or not. If you have, they are at an age when it will matter greatly what kind of a wife you choose. Let no one win your full affection who does not show unmistakable signs of an ability to be a gentle, sympathetic, kind and helpful second mother to your children. Don't let even a second love blind you into any other course; the memory of your first wife should accomplish, at least, this: that her children are never subjected to unkindness from a step-mother.

SHOES FOR SYBIL

Bargain with Saints at your peril! This is a true story of one who had to learn by experience.

G. J. CORBETT

HIGH noon had worn on to one-thirty o'clock; all Caposele was wreathed in slumber. The hot sun of southern Italy beat mercilessly on the black-cassocked Brother Gerard and his moth-eaten mare Sybil as they labored up the mountain road into the town. Gerard's thoughts were of the Crucified Who had spent these hot hours on the cross. Sybil's thoughts — if she had any — were of her feet, for the cobbles of the path cut her worn, shoeless hooves like knife-blades.

As he entered the gates of sleepy Caposele, Gerard came to with a start. The fierce clank of metal meeting metal broke the sacred silence of siesta like a gun-shot. It near angered the placid lay-brother who was very jealous of his own period of divine converse and of other people's sleep.

Then he struck upon a plan. Caposele needed quiet, Sybil needed shoes; Gerard needed the heavenly premium of an act of charity. Besides, he knew that a humble lay-brother clamoring at a monastery gate at two o'clock on a summer's afternoon would be a very unwelcome lay-brother indeed.

Scipio San Marco's forge occupied a prominent place in the center of town, well befitting the prominent personage that Scipio thought himself to be. In brute strength, Scipio far excelled any other man in town. He could carry an anvil in one of his big, brawny hands. That is why Scipio demanded what price he pleased for his work, that is why he beat his anvil resoundingly during this summer's afternoon, keeping the whole town awake when everybody wanted to sleep. But no one would have thought to dispute the point with Scipio San Marco.

No one but Gerard Majella. The thin, ascetic figure in black, approaching the smithy's shop with his woe-begone mare, looked for all the world like Don Quixote rolling into action against a living and very dangerous windmill. Scipio, hammer in hand, paused to watch warily the approach of the little lay-brother. He wondered what this pale-faced

THE LIGURIAN

monk, whom all the townsfolk called "the Saint," could want at a blacksmith's shop.

One look at Sybil explained the whole situation. Even as the mare picked her way across the cobbles toward the shop, she placed each hoof as if she were pricking a bubble. Scipio too formed a plan — and Scipio's plans always worked.

"Sir — " Gerard was speaking. "My horse is badly in need of shoes."

Scipio towered over the little black-eyed ascetic. "I can *see* that," he said curtly.

Gerard saw that his ruse was as clear to the swarthy smith as the sky above his head. He must come to the point quickly and be done with it.

"Well, sir," he said, "my Sybil is not used to shoes. But I shall let you shoe my mare if you promise to leave off pounding till three o'clock." He looked blandly at the smithy, whose sooty face reddened under the rebuke.

Then Scipio burst into a rowdy laugh that reminded Gerard somehow of widows and orphans. "You — you want to bribe Scipio San Marco?" Again he opened his bristly face in a guffaw that sounded like the scraping of many feet.

"No, little hypocrite, I shall shoe your mare right now. And what's more, I shall sing and all Caposele shall hear me." And he burst into a bar-room ballad that made Gerard's musical ear pale with horror and his saintly soul shrink with shame.

Well, at least he had tried.

IT WAS nearing two-thirty when Scipio rudely butted Gerard in the ribs with the handle of his hammer. He waved his huge hand in mock pride at his finished product, the moth-eaten Sybil in two pair of new shoes. Gerard was almost in tears at the sight. What a waste of money, he thought, to shoe the beast; what a sad turn of fate to keep the whole town awake while doing it.

"Well," said Scipio, pinching Gerard's pallid cheek playfully, "what do you think of her?"

Gerard swallowed tensely. He was not thinking of the mare, but of his Father Rector.

"Four nice new shoes," said Scipio, and he shot out his hand with a threat. "Now my pay!"

THE LIGURIAN

"How much?" Gerard whispered weakly.

"Fifteen lira."

Gerard thought of the three coins in his purse. "That is too much for shoeing a horse!" Gerard was a saint — but a saint with his feet on the ground.

Scipio glared at the pale, cassocked weakling, who glared back at him with the fiery black eyes of a furious Italian. He could have crushed the monk with one hairy hand; but he decided on a better procedure. He would show this "saint."

"I have shod your mare, and now you try to steal my just wage!" Scipio feigned scandal like a misused church mouse.

"I do not steal your wage!" Gerard shouted and waved his arms to emphasize his point. "You charge too much!"

"All right!" Scipio declared pointing at the mare's hooves and playing his trump card. "Give me back my shoes."

Gerard turned to the ancient mare; he too had a trump card — and it was the ace! "Sybil," he said, "you heard the man. Give him his shoes."

The mare deftly shook off the four bright, new shoes, and followed the humble lay-brother up the rocky road toward the monastery, leaving the vanquished blacksmith staring blankly at his first defeat.

Hail to the Horse

* Typical of the opposition met with by the newly invented automobile about 50 years ago is this extract from a paper read by A. R. Sennett before the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1896. Arguing for the merits of the steam engine over the internal combustion machine, he declared roundly that "petroleum propulsion" would have to improve a great deal before heavy loads could be handled or passengers carried "free from excessive vibrations and offensive exhalations and with a degree of luxury at all comparable with that which we have come to identify with horse drawn vehicles." He then went on to contend that horseless carriages would never come into any very great use, for this curious reason that "the driver has not the advantage of the intelligence of the horse in shaping his path." *

ON MAKING USELESS NOISE

L. M. MERRILL

A wide variety of marks of strength and nobility of character fall under the heading of "thoughtfulness of others." Sometimes it is erroneously maintained that thoughtless people should not be blamed for aggravating others because they do not know any better. This would be true only if they were incapable of knowing any better, i.e., if their ignorance of the effects of their actions on others could not be removed by the *will to think* about them.

One of the ways in which this more or less culpable thoughtlessness is manifested is that of making useless and annoying noise. Slamming doors, walking heavily, talking or singing boisterously when and where others are trying to sleep, sounding automobile horns raucously and frequently without necessity,—all these are testimony to weakness of character predicated on crass thoughtlessness. Sometimes they are due to something worse than thoughtlessness; the above mentioned practices may be motivated by the vain and perverted desire to draw attention to oneself, even though it be irritated attention; sometimes by the malicious desire to disturb others for the sake of petty revenge or dislike. However, even as the product of thoughtlessness, useless noise making marks one out as *lacking the finer qualities that constitute great characters*. Give thoughtful attention, therefore, to the following questions:

1. Have I let the habit grow on me of slamming my own door when entering or leaving my room? Do I let doors swing to behind me, without thinking of whether they are going to slam or not?
2. When I feel like shouting or singing, do I do so without pausing to think whether there is anybody within earshot who might be disturbed?
3. When driving a car do I use the horn *violently* to attract someone's attention, when there may be dozens of other people around who will be annoyed by it? Do I use the horn on many occasions when I could just as easily avoid an accident by ordinary careful driving? Do I use the horn loud and continuously to announce that I am calling for somebody at a home?
4. Does the time when others are trying to sleep mean nothing to me if I feel like giving loud expression to animal spirits?
5. Do I defend myself vigorously if I am accused of disturbing others, by talking about my rights, etc., or accusing others of being hypersensitive?

These questions may seem to touch on very trivial topics, but they are none the less revealing to all who want to have a character of strength and nobility.

NATURE'S GLOBE-TROTTERS

There is fascination in the first robin of spring, no doubt chiefly because we know he comes from a thousand miles away. But he is only a commuter compared to come of the travellers spoken of here.

F. A. BRUNNER

THERE is romance in the word "Wanderlust" when you picture explorers trekking through territory untrod or walking writers diarying their travels with donkeys and their tramps to Lourdes or other places of pilgrimage. But there is something more than wondrous in the wanderings of God's irrational creatures, the fowls of the air and the fishes in the deep. The tremendous impulse that pushes them from one continent to another, the drive of energy that leads them to reck no obstacle too great, the unfathomable instinct that steers them on their intricate tours over trackless oceans, is a mystery that ever deepens, and yet that leads inevitably to thoughts of God.

Newspapers told recently of a new type of observer corps, made up of volunteers who watched the east coast of Britain to sound an invasion alarm — against butterflies. Swarms of white butterflies have been flying into Norfolk and Suffolk from the sea in dense clouds at intervals of several days, menacing crops. One expert said that some of the swarms arrived at the rate of 1,000 each minute. This news item refers presumably to the common butterfly whose work of destruction is witnessed in many a garden. These white-winged creatures are common not only in Europe but here, too, where they were imported less than a hundred years ago. What is so remarkable is the sustained flight of these tiny wings — some twenty miles from the coast of Brittany and France, a great span even granting that their flight is aided by channel winds.

But there are insects that show even greater prowess. Various forms of the wandering locust or grasshopper are found in Europe, Asia and both Americas. A jaunt across the English channel would appear easy to them. There is a record of a swarm that crossed over the Red Sea in 1889, and it was estimated that the swarm filled an area equal in extent to two thousand square miles. There is a record of a swarm invading a ship in the Atlantic when twelve hundred miles from the nearest land.

THE LIGURIAN

MIGRATORY movement is one of the activities in the life cycle of birds which is most evident, so that it attracts the attention even of those with only a casual interest in this group of animals. In consequence, our knowledge of the movements of many species of birds is quite considerable. The flight of a flock of gulls sailing about on broad strong wings is a sight one never tires of watching — gliding and darting and skimming with a poetry of motion few birds can emulate. The herring-gull, an old and familiar friend on almost all larger waters, nests from southern Maine and the Great Lakes northward, and it makes its winter home in the United States. Its range of flight is almost unbelievable. All trans-Atlantic voyagers have seen it far out at sea, almost halfway between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. These birds follow the wake of an ocean liner a thousand and more miles away from land to pick up the refuse thrown overboard from the ship's kitchen. A flock that has followed the steamer all day will settle to rest at night on the billowing waves, like ducks, and then, at early dawn take up the journey refreshed. They have been known actually to overtake the vanished boat with apparent ease in time to pick up the scraps from the breakfast table.

Such journeys are not unparalleled. The golden plovers of northern Canada fly from Nova Scotia and Labrador over the ocean some two thousand miles to South America, not stopping all this time for food or rest. Then they fly overland to the coastal mud-flats of Argentina, over six thousand miles from their Canadian home. Here they spend the winter, and when spring comes back they return, but this time take an overland route through Central America and Mexico, migrating up the Mississippi valley to their breeding grounds.

The western form of golden plover travels south by a different route, from Alaska down to the Hawaiian Islands and the many other island groups of the mid-Pacific, crossing hundreds of miles of open ocean in its journeys. Or it moves southward along the eastern coast of Asia as far as Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand.

The Arctic tern, often called the Arctic sea swallow, has the longest migration route on record. These birds build their nests very near the North Pole. Healthy chicks are found covered with snow. In fall the terns go south, past the warm and hot regions, to the far regions near the South Pole. Checked observation traces the migration flight from the New England shores east across the Atlantic and down the west coast

THE LIGURIAN

of Africa to the winter feeding grounds off the shores of the great Antarctic continent, south and east of the Falkland Isles. That means an 11,000 mile journey each way. As a result of its migratory habits, this bird has more hours of daylight in its life than any other animal known, for only in crossing the equatorial zone does it encounter nights of long duration.

THE Iceland falcon that usually clings to the shores of Iceland and Greenland is frequently found in the highland lakes of Scotland, presumably after a journey of five hundred miles. One well-known writer maintains that a related species, the Jerfalcon, travels that distance in a round trip that lasts just twenty-four hours. Such a computation would indicate a flight speed of almost fifty miles an hour. Such a speed is not incredible. In the past few years reliable data on the speed in flight of various types of birds has accumulated from observations of birds traveling parallel to automobiles, from records made from theodolites designed to estimate the speed of aircraft, and even by timing over measured courses. Golden plovers will make a mile a minute. Ducks and geese travel usually at 40 or 50 miles an hour, but they can go faster. Herons and crows seldom exceed 30 miles an hour. The fly-catcher, although it darts about at apparent great speed, seldom flies faster than 17 miles per hour. The gay little hummingbird easily attains a speed of fifty miles, its wings beating the air at the rate of thirty times a second!

Peregrine falcons and swifts are apparently the fastest fliers. Once an observer-plane flying over Mesopotamia (where swifts are very common) ambled along at the rate of 68 miles per hour, but some swifts passed it by and began circling around it in flights that must have exceeded 100 miles an hour. One scientist timed two swifts over a two-mile course with stop-watches and found that on occasion they made the distance in thirty-six to forty-two seconds, or at a rate of 171.4 to 200 miles an hour. In India a tamed duck-hawk (or peregrine falcon) was timed flying at a speed of 180 miles an hour. This is an unusual record; but falcons are known to overtake fast flying pigeons, capturing them in mid-flight with ease, so that they must develop a tremendous speed.

But even a steady speed of twenty to fifty miles an hour carries a bird a considerable distance in short order. Birds traveling by night —

THE LIGURIAN

for about ten hours, therefore — would make two hundred and more miles a day, so that the long route from north to south would be covered in but a relatively short time.

The true extent of the long migrations of many birds is fully realized only when the naturalist from one part of the world encounters his familiar friends in other lands. The North American bobolink winters in Brazil, the scarlet tanager and yellow warbler in Columbia and Venezuela, the barn and cliff swallow as far south as Uruguay and Argentina. Birds from the south also travel. The sooty shearwater nests on islands near Cape Horn and in May travels northward through both ocean systems to Greenland and the Aleutian Islands. Banding of birds with little metal strips on the leg has aided much in determining their flight habits. A tern marked at Eastern Egg Rock, Maine, was found dead three years later at the mouth of the Niger River in western Africa. Two small gulls banded on the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland, England, were killed subsequently at Horse Island, Newfoundland, and Hamilton Inlet, Labrador. Of two black-headed gulls marked at Rossiten, on the North Sea, one was caught in the West Indies and the other near Vera Cruz, Mexico.

THE annual flight of birds from the shadows of the winter North to the brilliance of the south is, in wonder, surpassed by the long journeys undertaken periodically by certain kinds of fish. For birds at least remain in the same medium, while migratory fishes like the eel or the salmon change from fresh water to salt or the reverse, a transfer which would spell death to most species of fish. Birds migrate primarily for feeding purposes; they follow their food. Fish too will move to find a better food supply, or to escape uncomfortable states of salinity or other inimical conditions. But primarily it is at the behest of their reproductive instinct. Most of the long voyages made by fishes undoubtedly are undertaken for the purpose of carrying the spawn to certain definite localities called spawning grounds.

The common fresh-water eel is the only American fish known to migrate from fresh water to the sea. Its European cousin, the European eel, has the same habit, and it is not the least astounding part of the phenomena recently investigated by the Danish scholar, Dr. John Schmidt, that both species come to the same general locality to carry out the process of reproduction. Great schools of these eels travel to a

THE LIGURIAN

small area just east and south of the Bermudas known as the Sargasso Sea (where there is an abundance of a coarse brown weed known as Sargasso weed). This is the spawning ground. At given intervals these eels leave the rivers of America and Europe and North Africa and after several months at sea reach the spot late in fall or early in winter. Such eels are about four feet long, though particularly fine specimens have been known to attain a length of six to eight feet, with a weight of sixty or more pounds. And there are piscatorial accounts of monsters even ten feet long, weighing a hundred pounds, though one hesitates to give them credence.

These eels lay their eggs when they arrive and the hatching begins in April. The fry are little more than half an inch long. These soon become transparent ribbon-shaped creatures quite unlike the parent eels. These little eels start out for fresh water, but swim quite slowly, depending a good deal on ocean currents. It takes about three years for the little elvers to reach Europe where they ascend the rivers to wait and grow strong enough to undertake the return journey when they get the "call."

SCARCELY less remarkable than the life history of the eel are the long and perilous Odysseys of some of the Pacific Coast salmon. It is definitely known that at least some of these fish return to the very same river and even the same tributary headwaters where they themselves were hatched. No one has been able to account satisfactorily for this wonder. How does the fish know, when it reaches the mouth of the many rivers and streams, which ones to pass by and which one to enter?

Most people know at least the simpler facts about the king salmon, which begin the ascent of the Columbia River with the spring freshets in March and April. They spend the whole summer in mounting up the river and its tributaries against a swift current, jumping through rapids and up over cataracts. By autumn they have reached the mountain streams, having traveled perhaps a thousand miles from the ocean. The Yukon salmon will have traveled twice that far. That entire voyage to the spawning grounds, with its hardships of many months' duration, is made without taking food, for the adult salmon does not feed in fresh water. Of course the salmon do not endure so much without paying a heavy toll. The bright silver is now a dark dirty brown, the fins are

THE LIGUORIAN

frayed, patches of scales have been lost and the naked areas are attacked by fungus. The body becomes emaciated and the flesh pale.

When the spawning grounds are reached the parents dig a shallow nest in the gravel of the quiet creek, the female deposits her eggs to be fertilized. Then, the great task done, both parents float downstream, tail foremost, and soon die of exhaustion.

The shad, the river herring, the smelt and the striped bass are other American fishes that migrate yearly from salt water to fresh, but their travels generally take much less time and cover a much shorter distance than those of most of the salmon.

Migrations like these are truly remarkable. It is impossible to explain them, even when we can explain many facts about them. They are definitely purposeful, yet the purpose is inherent in an instinct that is itself wondrous. That instinct was created and is directed by God Himself, to manifest to man Who it is that rules and governs the world.

Specifications

A farmer in the state of New York was having some trouble with a sick cow a few months ago. One of the remedies used by farmers in such circumstances is kerosene, but the farmer in this case could obtain a few quarts of that precious liquid from a dealer only on condition that he write to a federal office in Syracuse for the necessary coupons. The cow owner wrote twice, and finally received a form to fill out, in which he was asked to describe in detail the vehicle using the kerosene. After considerable thought, the farmer filled in the application blank in this wise: "Make of vehicle: Jersey; body type: two horns, a tail, four feet, an udder and four teats; year, 1940; rating or seating capacity: I have never ridden her, but I imagine she would seat two. The veterinary gave the cow one quart of kerosene and she ran four miles so I judge she would have 16 miles on the four quarts. I can't tell you her speed, as the veterinary has not yet caught up with her."

The Pot and the Kettle

An Irish labor leader in New York City was addressing his audience in a thick brogue, and an Italian workingman, after listening patiently for a while, finally grew exasperated and was heard to say: "What for do they senda these foreigners to talk? He no spika da English."

ON FIGHTING FOR PEACE

The Catholic Church stands for peace—but not for any kind of peace, because sometimes peace is more terrible than war. When she approves war, it is always in behalf of true peace.

T. COZZENS

POISONED Turkish arrows streaked through the rolling smoke and thudded quivering into masts and spars and human bodies. Rigging and lanterns came crashing down and littered the decks; jagged hull-holes sucked in the willing sea.

The shouts and screams of the Turks and the battle cries of the Christians, the deep bass of cannon, the treble of musket fire, rolled and rumbled across the Bay.

In the blazing noonday sun swords flashed; and hands and arms fell twitching at the feet of the fighters. Brightly armoured bodies toppled over gunwales, spiraling lazily to the floor of Lepanto Bay.

This was the showdown. Sick of Moslem terrorism and murder, the Christian leaders had put off their petty jealousies and quarrels and had at last united in one concentrated effort to blow the Sultan's galleys off the seas, or die trying.

All that afternoon five hundred Turkish and Christian ships tacked in and out, chasing, fleeing, ramming each other. Burning galleys hissed in pain as their broken bodies nosedived below the waves. Smoking, deserted hulks floated about aimlessly, bodies without souls.

The slaughter was sickening. Shining pikes and cutlasses turned red, then brown. Ali Pasha, Commander of the Turks, fell to the gangway of his flagship, his forehead shattered by a ball from an arquebuse. Immediately his body was seized and a Christian sword hacked his head from his shoulders.

Drowning men, torn sails, masts and splintered oars, pieces of clothing, arms and legs floated on the glassy surface of the Bay.

And then suddenly, thousands of miles away in Rome, Pope Pius the Fifth, at business with his Cardinals, rose from his chair and dropped to his knees.

"This is not the time for business," he said, "this is the time to thank God; our forces have gained the victory."

THE LIGUORIAN

It was five o'clock. In Lepanto Bay the echoes of the last cannon shot were dying away. The battle was over.

BEFORE the battle that afternoon the wind was in the teeth of the Christians; why did it suddenly shift and blow from the west just in time to help the Christian attack? Why did that mighty Turkish fleet of three hundred sails emerge from the battle broken and scattered? The Turks were powerful, they were ruthless — with a self-confidence born of an unbroken string of brilliant victories.

The answer can be found in the banners that waved over the two opposing flagships: that from the Turkish halyard, the green banner of Mecca brought from the Prophet's tomb; and that from the Christian, a sky-blue flag, blessed by the Pope, on which was emblazoned the image of the crucified Redeemer. Therein lay the difference between victory and defeat.

One fleet put all its confidence in a dead man. The other trusted in a living God. Which protector was more likely to justify the confidence placed in him?

The answer can be found in the prayers of a million Christians and a Pope-Saint, backing the Christian fighters, praying not for a peace but for the defeat of the enemy — for victory.

Such a fondness for peace had St. Francis of Assisi that one of the chief motives that moved him to found his famous Third Order was to help in bringing peace to a disquieted world; especially to the incessantly quarreling cities of Italy. A man lying in his blood on one of the city streets of Arezzo or Bologna or Assisi was such a daily occurrence that it aroused in the passersby little interest and less wonder. Family hatred and feuded with family; city attacked city.

So one of the rules which St. Francis gave to the thousands who were to join his Third Order was that they were not to bear arms. A Pacifist? Hardly; because to this prohibition not to use weapons he added: ". . . except in defense of the Roman Church, of the Christian faith or *one's own country*."

IN FACT all the Saints, liking the things that Christ liked, had a special love for peace; but a peace which was — more than anything else — rational. And since the Saints were the most reasonable people who ever lived on earth, if ever circumstances demanded that they fight

THE LIGURIAN

for their home, their father or mother, their faith or their native land, they did not recoil, horrified, and protest: "Nothing doing. I love my peace."

Rather they reached for their scabbards and said: "I love my peace; and I love it so much I'll fight to preserve it." And they put on their armour, drew their swords and struck and slew, praying the God of justice to give them victory.

Father Alban Butler, original compiler of the *Lives of the Saints*, wrote that the profession which gave to the Catholic Church more saints than any other, was the army!

A few of such soldier-saints listed in his works are Knute, King of Denmark, who mixed his fasting, discipline and his wearing of hair-shirts with his military expeditions against the pirates infesting the seas around Denmark and against the guerrilla raiders who constantly annoyed his border towns; St. Sebastian, who on account of his great courage was created captain of a company of pretorian guards under the Christian-killing Emperor, Diocletian; St. George, of dragon-slaying fame, knight and patron of England; St. Stephen, King of Hungary, who fought invading Bulgarians, put down revolts and even defeated his own unscrupulous uncle, the Prince of Transylvania, and who prepared for battle by fasting, almsdeeds and by prayer.

Father Butler also mentions St. Eustace, a Roman general; St. Gordian; St. Maurice and the five thousand soldiers in his legion, martyred one by one; St. Edward; St. Wenceslas, patron of Czechoslovakia; St. Joan of Arc; St. Louis of France; and dozens of others. All of whom were aware that valor is a good, patriotism a virtue, and trust in God one step to victory.

THE Catholic Church cherishes and prays for peace. But her tradition has always been to steer a middle course, avoiding—in this instance—the two extremes of belligerence and pacifism. And the pacifists who offer their Catholic faith as an excuse for not fighting in any war, however just, are hiding behind non-existent skirts. If the Church has to choose between a shameful peace or an honorable fight—she takes the fight.

She chose to fight in the eleventh century to recover the Holy Places in Jerusalem; places made sacred by contact with Christ, and for years desecrated by infidel Mohammedans. So she sent missionaries

through Christian lands to preach the Crusades and raise armies. She presented each Crusader, as he pronounced his solemn vow, with a cross marking him from that time on as an official soldier of the Catholic Church.

And to remind every Christian to pause and, with an Ave Maria, ask the Virgin's protection on the Crusaders fighting far from home, Pope Urban ordered a special bell to be sounded daily from the churches. A custom which in time evolved into the devotion of the Angelus we say today.

Jesus Christ, even more than the Catholic Church, cherishes peace; He is its Prince. His words to His disciples and to their followers were "Peace be to you." But He did not add: ". . . at any price." For if He had, when the money-loving, blasphemous buyers and sellers were profaning His Father's House He could never have seized that rope whip and lashed them out of the Temple.

In the year 1690 St. Margaret Mary Alacoque had one of her numerous visits from the Sacred Heart, Who appeared to her in her bare convent cell at Paray-le-Monial and gave her a special message for the King of France, whom He called the eldest son of His Sacred Heart. The message was loving, startling. Christ told the Saint that He wished to reign in Louis XIV's palace and, above all, in his heart; and that if the image of His Sacred Heart were engraved on the King's coat of arms and painted on the French flag, He would give France victory over all the enemies of Holy Church! Margaret Mary eagerly despatched the message to the King.

Whether the letter she sent was intercepted by a secretary and dropped, as the work of a crank, into a wastebasket (or its 17th century equivalent) or whether the King for some reason never bothered to reply is unknown. But Louis XIV did not listen to the command of Christ.

What if he had? Would the history of France from 1690 to 1940 read differently today?

France and the Church in France had no greater enemy in the year 1940 than Nazism. And Nazism swept over France with startling, shocking rapidity.

Do the people of France wish now that the Sacred Heart had reigned in their hearts all these years?

There is every reason to believe that Christ's offer still stands.

SOME cynical observers have remarked that this idea of God's intervention in a battle or war, whereby He, as it were, seems to fight along with one side and give them the victory, makes good reading for souls of a more pious bent; but that it has always occurred to them that the army with more men or better guns or the opponent with the greatest number of tanks, wins battles.

With this we both agree and disagree.

We do not agree that the better-equipped side *always* wins a battle. Let the cynics recall just one incident: David's fight with Goliath.

But we do agree that more often than not the army with the greatest battalions or the most dive bombers defeats its opponent. How does it happen, however, that the victorious side is able in the first place to acquire more trained men and more bombers than the opponent it defeats? God works miracles rarely; ordinarily He acts through secondary or natural causes, so that the casual observer will often overlook entirely His providential Hand. If God for some good reason wants the American nation to be defeated in the battle of Pearl Harbor then He arranges things to fall in place in such a way that the attack finds the American forces unprepared and with less equipment than the enemy. If God wants the American navy to be so strong at a particular time and place that it sends a dozen or two Japanese ships to the bottom of the Coral Sea, then that is exactly what happens.

By their words and actions some people seem to think that Almighty God is entirely unaware of Hitler, the Japanese, the Allied Nations and World War II.

The Catholic Church thinks otherwise. She knows that God can take the earth with its many million inhabitants and hold it between His two fingers like a man scrutinizing a golf ball.

She teaches that the pieces of such a scrambled puzzle as the earth is today, can be made to fit together exactly by two things: first, by sacrifice; and secondly, by confident prayer for victory.

Snob Quotes

* Henry R. Luce, the chairman of the board of Time, Inc., which publishes *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* remarked one evening (down) to a friend that he could not think of anybody who was mentally his superior. *

Maybe he bases that assertion on the circulation of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

PEEK-A-BOO

F. A. RYAN

"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you are a fairly average sample of a growing number of American citizens who make use of no publications except those that come under the heading of picture magazines. Am I right?"

"You bet you are. What I say is this: why strain the eyes reading page after page of printed matter, when it is possible to get the whole story in pictures? Pictures tell all, you know. Pictures don't lie. Pictures soothe, while reading matter strains, and all that sort of thing."

"Do you mind, Mr. Jones, if I ask you a few questions concerning the results of your looking at pictures? I represent the Ajax Poll Association, of which you have no doubt heard."

"Not at all, sir. Glad to accommodate."

"Just what, Mr. Jones, would you say offhand you have learned during your past six months of faithfully looking through picture magazines?"

"That's easy. I have learned that there is a war going on. It is a global war. The Axis powers are the enemy. War is hell. People get killed in war. Buildings are destroyed. Soldiers march. Airplanes fly. Bombs drop. Guns flash."

"Very good, Mr. Jones. And what else have you learned?"

"I have learned that women are wearing shorts far more than they used to. They look very well in them too."

"A valuable observation, Mr. Jones. Anything else?"

"Well, I've learned that there are some pretty juicy scenes in a couple of New York plays. I'm hoping for a chance to go to New York so that I can get a look at them first hand. All work and no play, etc., you know."

"I understand. Now think for a moment, Mr. Jones. What would you say were the predominant truths that have lodged in your mind as a result of your long association with the picture magazines?"

"That's easy. I don't have to think at all. Here they are: War is hell. Women are beautiful. Science is wonderful. Women are beautiful. Death is horrible. Women are beautiful. Ah, women!"

"That will be all, Mr. Jones. Thank you. Thank you."

"Not at all, sir. Don't mention it."

OPEN LETTER

TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Dear Friends:

This letter is going to concern itself with what you may consider a very delicate and purely personal problem. Delicate and personal though it be, you have nevertheless heard, read and seen a great deal concerning it, much of which has had a one-sided — and that the pagan-sided — point of view. It is the problem of contraception in sex relations. Since you are subjected to a great deal of unveiled propaganda in its favor, propaganda that usually leaves little to be imagined, we see no reason why it would be unwise or imprudent to write one forthright letter to you bringing out a few of the points that should be considered on the other side by those who have retained a healthy fear of God and a modicum of respect for His will and His laws. Hear us out, even though you are inclined to say in your heart: This is going to be something we don't want to hear; therefore we won't listen.

Objectively, there is no real problem about contraception. It is contrary to the natural law, because it nullifies the whole purpose of marriage (you did not need to get married, if you consider contraception lawful, to enjoy one another; in fact there is no point in marriage if contraception is a good thing; there is no point in any sex-restrictions on that basis; it makes adultery, promiscuity, self-indulgence, and all their daughter vices taintless); it means indulging in a pleasure that was obviously meant to be incentive and reward for accepting serious and necessary responsibilities in life, and at the same time rejecting those responsibilities; it means contradicting God's wisdom and frustrating His plans. It is also the equivalent of mutual self-abuse, and a personal contribution to the suicide of a race or nation. These are not nice things to say, but we have seen some of the far less nice things that proponents of birth-prevention say to you, in their advices and cautions and directions, and so we think the other side should be said too. The important thing is that no matter what anybody says, contraception is contrary to the law God imprinted on your nature as man and woman when He made you, and nobody can change it without destroying your nature.

However, it would be wrong to assume that because the law is so

clear, it does not become a problem for you. Your own fallen nature makes it a problem, because it is the way of fallen nature to be wanting pleasure without price or obligation. That would be problem enough in itself, but when a great and growing body of people around you keep insisting that you should let your fallen nature have its way, that there is nothing wrong with contraception; that it is necessary and highly rewarding and that you might as well be like almost everybody else, then the problem becomes great indeed. Then you have to choose between remaining among the hardy few who refuse to be made rebels against God for any gain, and the multitude that roars its approval of all who join their ranks in making sport of the laws of God.

THE pagan point of view in this matter poses two alternative hardships that must be suffered by those who refuse to indulge in contraception. It maintains that either of them is too much to bear. Either, it says, you will have to have a large family, with children arriving very close to one another, and the mother's health endangered if not ruined by frequent pregnancies, or you will have to forego the use of your privileges as married persons for longer or shorter periods of time. Either course spells disaster, argues the modern pagan (sometimes calling himself a Catholic); therefore contraception is necessary.

Let's analyze those two so-called hardships or disasters. First of all, it can be said in general that if it is reasonable to set aside laws made by God because they involve hardship, then we can sit down at once and strike the ten commandments, one by one, off the tables of stone. There is not one of them that does not call for courage and fortitude and sacrifice at times; they are the purchase price of a happy eternity, and would purchase nothing if at times they did not pinch and restrain. The amazing thing is that the little hardship they entail can earn so immeasurable a thing as an eternity of exquisite happiness.

But, to go into particulars, how about the so-called disasters of a large family or periodical abstinence from the use of sex? The hardships of a large family are said to spring from one or all of three consequences: 1) the breaking down of the health of the mother; 2) the overburdening of both father and mother in providing for many children; 3) the physical, social or educational handicapping of the children because of the fact that there are many of them in the same home.

Now a clear-eyed view of these so-called disastrous consequences of a large family will show them to be largely fictitious, certainly far from the terrifying bogeys they have been made by the world. That the frequent pregnancies involved in having a large family inevitably wear a mother down into a state of quasi-invalidism is simply contradicted by facts. There are not a great many mothers who can be pointed to as examples today, because there are so many who have feared the bogey enough to commit frequent sins of contraception; but the available evidence seems to prove that the mother who is physically prostrated as a result of having a large family is the exception — and that there is a reason extraneous to child-bearing for her weakened condition. That both father and mother have to suffer awful hardships in bringing up many children can be taken in two senses: that they will not be free, for a good number of years, to repeat their carefree honeymoon trips at frequent intervals, that they will not have time to patronize night-clubs and see all the new movies and stage plays, that they will not be able to join six or seven sewing, reading, cocktail-drinking, tea-drinking and flag-waving fraternities, sororities, and similar organizations, is readily admitted; that their lives will be without happiness and joy and a multitude of recompenses that a small family knows nothing about, is flatly denied, as it is also denied that economically they will always be indigent and poor. That the children will suffer because they are many is a theory so completely exploded that we are not even talking to anybody who continues to hold it. They do not even know what makes a child well off.

THE alternative hardship, that to have a small family and still refuse to practice contraception, means the dread consequence of abstinence from the use of sex for certain periods of time, can also be faced without tremor by anyone who has enough faith in God to recognize His laws. In exceptional cases, this alternative becomes an obligation, as when a wife becomes afflicted with a disease that makes it unmistakably clear that she could not risk pregnancy. Sometimes this alternative is merely advisable, although it must be admitted that it is the tendency of physicians by and large to advise it for the most feeble of reasons. Always this alternative remains within the discretion of a husband and wife, so that by mutual consent they may refrain from the use of their privileges for a short or long period of time.

THE LIGUORIAN

If the world ridicules a couple for having a large family, it fairly pillories them for trying the alternative of abstinence. Margaret Sanger, who has probably prevented more births than any single individual in the world, harps ceaselessly on the one string that self-denial in this matter is harmful, unhealthy, unnatural, and impossible. No experienced guide of souls or arbiter of human problems would deny that the normal advice for normal human beings would be that they should not attempt too difficult a regime of self-repression in this matter. But to enlarge that into the principle that self-control is impossible and unnatural for all at all times is to reduce the stature of human beings to that of the more uninhibited of the brute animals.

Both fact and faith prove that it is possible for married couples to abstain from the use of their rites, either because of necessity or advisability, at least for certain periods. As a matter of fact, many have done it. That this is unnatural or impossible would seem to be fully contradicted by the fact that about the happiest people in the world are those who have renounced marriage itself forever for the love of God. If the usual objection then be raised, that while celibacy does not seem to render priests and religious unhappy, it certainly would work out differently with married couples living in such intimate contact with one another, we answer by saying that this is true, if normal people tried to live as absolute celibates in the circumstances of marriage. But if, in the providence of God, it becomes necessary for them to practice celibacy for a time, or even if they choose to do so for some reason which they make an expression of their love of God, then the same God who rewards the perpetual celibate with gladness, will make easy their course and light their struggle against temptation. This is especially true if the motive of the love of God be strong and clear, and if the means of grace given by God are used in abundant measure. If this could not be done when called for by circumstances then there would be no reason for trusting God in any of the struggles that are a part of human life.

WE HAVE been moved to write this letter by the thought of a simple little manifestation of God's interest in this modern problem of married people. It is the recurrence in October of the feast of St. Gerard Majella. This saint does manifest God's interest, because through him a veritable stream of apparent miracles has flowed down

THE LIGUORIAN

upon married people facing difficulties connected with their state. Miracles of new health for mothers endangered in pregnancy or child-bearing; miracles of intervention to preserve the lives of small babies and young children; yes, and miracles of strength for mothers and fathers who found it good, for a certain time, to renounce privileges and pleasures for high and worthy motives. So great has been this saint's intercession that it has called forth the formation of a League — the League of St. Gerard — and doubting, wavering, worried husbands and wives can find a solution to many of their problems by joining with thousands of others of the faith who have learned through him that God is on the side of those who refuse to be stampeded from His fold by the pagan forces of the modern world.

In the Life that is Christ,

D. F. Miller.

Ambassadors

There were ambassadors of good will in Latin America long before the current movie stars and others began to make their good-will tours. These life-long ambassadors are the members of religious orders working throughout those regions. In Brazil are to be found the La Salette Missionaries, the Redemptorists, the Franciscans, the Stigmatines, the Bernadine Sisters, the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and the Sisters of Notre Dame. In Argentina the School Sisters of Notre Dame and the Sisters of St. Casimir are laboring; in British Guiana the Sisters of Mercy, the Ursulines; in Chile the Sisters of Christian Charity, and the Sisters-Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; in Peru the Brothers of Mary, the Sacred Heart Sisters. And now the Maryknollers are adding their heroes and heroines to the growing list of the ambassadors of Christ.

Old Wisdom

"There are three classes of citizens; some are rich, listless, and yet ever craving for more; others, having nothing, and short of the means of life, are clamorous, much addicted to envy, aiming their bitter shafts against the rich and led away by the tongues of evil leaders. Betwixt these two extremes there are those who love the state, guarding the laws which the state may appoint." *Euripides, 4th century B.C.*

***** Three Minute Instruction *****

THE RELIGION OF ALL

One of the most certain proofs of the truth of the Catholic religion is the fact that, on the one hand, its binding force can be grasped by the least educated and most poorly endowed human mind, and on the other hand, that it can engage and gratify the intellectual curiosity of the most highly gifted and widely educated minds. This two-fold property must be a mark of the true religion, because, if God really founded a religion, He intended it for all, regardless of education or mental attainments; and at the same time it must be worthy of the intense interest and study of those who have highly cultivated their minds.

1. The Catholic religion is recognizable as true even by uneducated and poorly gifted people. Christ made its foundations simple just in order that this would be so. He said to Peter, His first Vicar, and to the rest of the Apostles, His first Bishops: "He that heareth you, heareth Me. He that despiseth you, despiseth Me. If any one will not hear My Church, let him be unto you like a heathen and a publican." He gave these words force by His own great miracles, and by the many miracles wrought in His name by the Apostles. Anyone who has reached the age of reason can perceive the truth of the Catholic religion in those words; for anyone can see that there is only one religion in the world that maintains it has the full authority of Christ and must be believed and obeyed.
2. But the Catholic religion does not content itself with offering that simple foundation of truth to all minds and then ask or command them to think no more. Of those who can, it demands far more study, reasoning, analyzing. Of its priests it demands 12 years of study, during which time every doctrine is subjected to reason, analysis, comparison, study. Of those with high school or college education it demands an understanding, not only of the foundation, but of the doctrines of faith, that is proportionate to their ability and training. In fact, it is possible to study Catholic teaching throughout one's entire life, and never to exhaust its intellectual appeal and never to grow weary of its fascination.

These things cannot be said of any religion save the Catholic. Other religions either make excessive demands of the weak and ignorant, e.g., by telling them they must read the whole Bible and create their own religion out of it—an herculean task in the first place, and one that the Bible itself says is impossible in the second place. Or, they over-simplify Christ's religion by telling people just to believe in Christ in a vague, general way, and then worry not at all what else they believe or do. Intelligent people recognize in that a doing away with Christ in all but name.

T I M

In the brief contacts of daily life, people too seldom know how close they are to great stories. Take Tim.

J. A. BRUNNER

THEY thought he was just like other boys. I didn't know. The first time we met was no impressive occasion. He was at the other end of the sacristy. His neatly combed hair alone was visible over the back of his chair as he waited to serve the seven o'clock Mass. When Father Doyle told him to serve my Mass at the side altar, his efficiency in lighting the candles, preparing the cruets, and carrying out the Missal seemed in no wise different from other boys'.

The rest of that mid-winter's week it was the same, except that he arrived just a bit earlier than the appointed time. He would don his cassock and surplice, smooth down his hair, ruffled a bit by his stocking cap, — then quietly sit down in a chair by himself, off to one side. It was only later on I found out that his early appearance in the sacristy thus allowed him time to recite his rosary in the only extra time he had. While serving at the altar, his manner was grave, precise. There was little else about him to distinguish him from the rest of the boys, we thought.

Sunday morning's six o'clock Mass was offered without the presence of Tim at the altar. "Can't understand it!" said Father Doyle, commenting on the absence of the lad. Nor could his fellow-servers. He had not been one to shirk an early rising, even though it meant trudging seven blocks in darkness, with only here and there a lighted window to outline his pathway through the snow. He had done it, for years, whenever appointed, rain or shine; his seventh year at grammar school would not find him changed that much.

Two o'clock and the sacrament of Baptism had just been conferred on two little heirs of heaven. Father Doyle stood in the blustery wind at the church door for just a moment, and with a final word of congratulation to the happy parents, he hurried to the rectory. His entrance coincided with a telephone call.

"St. Alphonsus' Rectory — Father Doyle speaking." Silence for a moment, then: "Certainly, Mrs. Thompson, I'll be right over. What's that? On Summit Street now? 1648 Summit? All right."

Unbuttoning his soutane on his way upstairs, he called by way of explanation: "That was Mrs. Thompson — Tim's mother. Tim is pretty sick, she says." And as he came down again, adjusting his overcoat — "I knew there must be something wrong when he didn't show up this morning. First time I ever knew him to miss." And he was out the door.

HOSTS of snowflakes were glistening for a moment beneath the street-lamp before gliding to the ground, when a shadow across the window interrupted the peaceful spectacle. The stamping of feet on the porch, the click of the door latch, and a cheery "Back again!" announced the return of Father Doyle. He strode into the room for a turn or two before the blazing fireplace, rubbing the stiffness and cold from his fingers, when suddenly he stopped.

"I almost regret coming back to this warmth, when I realize what misery can occur so close to us, and yet remain unknown!"

A look of puzzlement drew an explanation of his remark in the telling of the afternoon's happenings. Simple, indeed, in the telling — yet implying a grandeur, a greatness which so often is known to God alone.

Mrs. Thompson had been struggling the whole year since her husband's death to keep a comfortable, Christian home for her family. With five children to maintain in food and clothing and shelter, and two to send to the parochial school, each item in the budget had to be weighed carefully. It had not been too hard to manage until serious illness stalked into the family circle, laying a heavy hand on three-year old Davey, then forcing seven-year old Bobby to bed. After the Doctor's fees and medicine bills were paid by dint of hard work, she knew they had to move into smaller living quarters. They were crowded together — but they were together.

Tim for all his 13 years did a manly share these past four months by shouldering extra odd jobs. Before school in the morning, he served Mass each day — then helped clean the house. Perhaps he would cut some kindling wood for a neighbor on one or the other morning. After school, in addition to his paper route, he wheeled his bicycle on many deliveries for the grocer; when not busy with deliveries, he made himself useful in the store. But this past month snow had blanketed the ground. That meant putting his bicycle away; that meant trudging through the snow, hauling his grocery-laden sled behind him. No grum-

THE LIGUORIAN

bling from his lips. The smile that lighted the care-worn face of his mother and the happiness in the faces of the other four children practically discounted his own weariness. His own pleasant smile made even his mother believe that his daily chores were not beyond his strength.

This past week, however, a change had appeared in him. At table he had no appetite. He should rest more — get to bed earlier, his mother told him. He couldn't do that; homework and study for school required time at night. Or stay in bed longer each morning? He wouldn't do that. The visiting priest was offering Mass each morning at six-thirty. His privilege to serve that Mass roused his weary head and brushed the sleep from weary eyes and hastened weary feet to Church.

Yesterday afternoon he couldn't eat a bite of his lunch. Lucy, the eleven-year old who took mother's place while she was busy cleaning house for a lady of means, saw his blood-shot eyes. "Lie down a while before going back to the store," she suggested. With the fever creeping upon him, not much coaxing was needed.

"But wake me up in half an hour, or Mr. Gruber will get sore."

Mrs. Thompson's return home at two o'clock nullified his request. She had Lucy run over to the grocer's and tell him that Tim was sick and would not be back that day. "And go to Doctor Harris and ask him if he can stop in here this evening."

TIM lay in his bed, not awake, not asleep, but tossing restlessly until the Doctor's prescription quieted him down. The Doctor's warning: "Don't let him catch cold," were words that brought anxiety to the mother's heart. She suspected what they meant. His tone of voice, while kindly, made her fear the worst. The light turned low showed her watching the night at his bedside. The stillness of her vigil was broken once by: "Didn't you go to bed yet? Don't forget to set the alarm for five-thirty!" — and repeatedly by "Wake me up early — I have to serve." Such words were heartening. She felt that the delirium she feared had not reached him — yet.

"But when she called me this afternoon," Father Doyle continued, "the Doctor was there. There had been no immediate danger before, but now he seemed worried. Said the crisis would occur within the next twelve hours. We watched and prayed — the little ones too — until at about five o'clock the Doctor surprised me by saying everything was all right. It was then Tim opened his eyes. When he saw me, he mur-

THE LIGUORIAN

mured: 'I'll be there in a jiffy' and went into a restful sleep. We've got the St. Vincent De Paul society on the job now, and they'll all be taken care of."

He paused — then: "And I never thought Tim was much different from the other boys. In fact, I had never noticed him particularly at all."

But we both knew now.

Branch Conscious

A frantic medical inspector at a southern air field sent this message to the medical supply officer of the field's station hospital, as reported in an Army publication:

"1. Following telephone information from your office that you were unable to issue carbon disulphide for use in this office in ant control, and following receipt of your letter listing insect repellants furnished by your office,—request was made of Quartermaster for carbon disulphide for use by this office in ant control. We were informed by Quartermaster that they could only issue such preparation if the ant to be exterminated was in the building. If it was outside the building the issuance of such preparation properly should come from Engineering.

"It is difficult to determine the intentions of the ants we are attempting to exterminate:—some live inside and wander outside for food, while some live outside and forage inside for food. It is a rather difficult problem to determine which ant comes from without and is what you might call an Engineering ant, and which ant comes from within and is what would be a Quartermaster ant. Some of our ants appear to be going in circles and others apparently are wandering at random with no thought of destination. Such ant tactics are very confusing and could result in a Quartermaster ant being exterminated by an Engineering poison or an Engineering ant exterminated by a Quartermaster poison,—which would be contrary to the letter of regulations and would probably lead to extensive investigation and lengthy letters of explanation.

"2. In view of the fact that Quartermaster issued poison has been found to kill an ant just as dead as an Engineering issued poison, and vice versa, request is made that your office draw identical poisons for issue to this office from both Engineering and Quartermaster and to mix same so that there will be no way of knowing which poison killed the ant,—the assumption being that no well-bred G. I. ant would eat other than poison issued through proper channels to final destination,—which destination being aforementioned dead or dying ant."

ANTIDOTE FOR ANTI-LIFE

For all who recognize one of the general evils of the day, and who find themselves or their friends caught in its toils.

F. B. BOCKWINKEL

IN THE latter half of the twelfth and the first part of the thirteenth century the Crusaders fought valiantly to save Christianity from the terrible Turks. With the Cross brilliantly painted on their white banners, and with the cry "God Wills It" spurring them on, they completely routed the pagans and rescued Christianity from its imminent peril.

Once again paganism uplifts its cruel head. In the form of a monster preying upon a will weakened world it is trying to undermine not only the doctrine of Christianity but the very basis of civilization itself. Once again Crusaders must band together, nay, they have banded together in a united attack on the modern successor to the Turk.

In the year 1936 a zealous Redemptorist missionary of Toronto, Canada, founded the LEAGUE OF ST. GERARD. This league had for its object to make Saint Gerard better known particularly as patron of mothers in danger, and to combat the forces of anti-life, a name under which the League includes all the forces that are promoting contraception, birth-control, abortion, and like crimes. A certain priest comments on the choice of this term:

"We like that word 'anti-life.' It is birth-control with the holiday wrapping ripped off. For birth-control is a polished, well-groomed word with an air of respectable efficiency about it; but anti-life tells you that birth-control is only a thug with a gun keeping the cradle empty."

For many years Saint Gerard has been considered the patron of Mothers in Europe and Canada. The origin of the title is to be found in his own life-time, when his prayers frequently brought extraordinary assistance to mothers in the gravest danger. The "Wonder Worker of Our Day" is the title by which he is best known. Because he is ready to help those who call on him, the League endeavors to spread the name and fame of this humble Redemptorist lay-brother.

Confronted with the staggering statistics on the rapidly decreasing birth rate and realizing the ruthless war waged by the promoters of

THE LIGUORIAN

birth-control, the founders of the LEAGUE OF SAINT GERARD are trying by means of prayer to bring Heaven's army into the fray. Like the Crusaders of old they can truly say "God Wills It," because birth-control is the frustration of God's Will in the very act of inviting Him to create a human soul.

THE League received the following letter, one of many like it, in thanksgiving to Saint Gerard for his wonderful assistance.

"I have recently experienced a remarkable recovery which could only have been influenced through the Saint's holy intercession. During the fourth month of my pregnancy (my first) I developed a serious form of kidney trouble. After our family doctor had done all he could for me, I was brought to a famous Chicago hospital and two of the best known specialists in the city were called in on the case. Both gave up hope of saving the child and said that my own chances for recovery were very slight. For two months I lingered between life and death.

"Both my husband and I are Catholics but neither of us had ever heard of the wonderful powers of Saint Gerard until a Redemptorist friend heard of our plight and sent a relic of the Saint and the prayer 'for a mother in danger.' Our families and friends joined us in prayer and when all seemed hopeless the child was born naturally and lived long enough to be baptized.

"From the day after the birth I began to gain in health, and today—just six weeks after my release from the hospital I am almost as well as ever. My husband and I have been doing all in our power to promote devotion to Saint Gerard among our friends and acquaintances, and everywhere we go, we relate our wonderful experience.—Please enroll me in the LEAGUE OF SAINT GERARD."

Some months ago the League established an auxiliary center at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. The Archbishop of Milwaukee, the Most Reverend Moses E. Kiley, approved the Crusade. Already thousands of letters have been received and the League has begun to make new friends in our own United States. For the Saint's feast day, the sixteenth of October, many Churches and Organizations held Novenas and Triduums in honor of the Mothers' Saint. During this time, too, the League did all in its power to make the name of Saint Gerard and that of the SAINT GERARD LEAGUE known to all Catholics.

Though Saint Gerard has become best known as the Mothers' Saint, he has other titles to fame. Of special interest to young people is the fact that he has been adopted by many as a powerful advocate in directing them to the choice of a right vocation. He himself had to overcome many obstacles to realize his dream of consecrating himself to God; for

THE LIGUORIAN

this reason he seems especially interested in removing obstacles in the way of others, whether their vocation is that of marriage or the priesthood or the religious life. The war has made the following of a vocation so difficult that all young people should eagerly accept the powerful assistance of a true advocate like Saint Gerard.

The League does not limit its membership to Mothers. Anyone may enroll; anyone who is interested in battling the forces of anti-life, whether married or single, men or women, boys or girls. Anyone who desires Saint Gerard's help in the choice of a vocation, should join the ranks of those who have made him their patron. Even religious have joined this united front against the devil's own colleagues. Already there are numbered in the League convents, seminaries, cities, sodalists. All are promoting devotion to Saint Gerard, and the defeat of the forces of anti-life.

THE new center of the League activity at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, distributes the first official booklet of the League called THE MOTHERS' SAINT. It is a five cent pamphlet containing accounts of some of Saint Gerard's remarkable cures of mothers in child-birth, prayers for Motherhood, for an expectant mother, for a right choice of a state in life, and for various other spiritual and temporal needs.

All who are interested are invited to join this Crusade against the forces of anti-life. Prospective members of the League are asked to address all communications to—

THE LEAGUE OF SAINT GERARD,

Box 148,

OCONOMOWOC, WISCONSIN.

Works that Last

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston once encouraged David Goldstein, who was just starting out on his great apostolate for souls after his conversion, with these words:

* "You must expect opposition inside as well as outside the Church. But always remember this, (touching the tip of his left index finger with that of his right) if you do that much for God it lasts for all eternity." Then, holding out his left arm at full length and touching his shoulder with his right hand, he proceeded: "If you do that much for yourself it soon passes away." *

MOMENTS AT MASS

THE POSTCOMMUNION

F. A. BRUNNER

After the priest has cleansed the chalice and covered it with the veil, he goes to the epistle side of the altar to recite in a quiet voice the communion antiphon which has been previously sung by the choir. Then he returns to the center and, having kissed the altar, he salutes the congregation with the customary *Dominus vobiscum*, the invitation to join him in prayer. He turns once more to the side of the altar and proceeds to sing the *Postcommunion*, one prayer or more designed as a thanksgiving after holy communion.

Historical considerations:

Our Lord at the end of the Last Supper sang with his apostles the prescribed Jewish prayer of gratitude to which St. Mark alludes in his Gospel, six psalms known as the Great Hallel. The Christian ritual too demanded after the reception of the new Paschal Supper a prayer of thanksgiving which naturally took various forms. In the eastern liturgies it is usually a litany which remains the same throughout the year. In Rome since ancient times it has been sung in the form of an oration which varies from day to day. This thanksgiving prayer is constructed like the other so-called orations, the *collect* for instance, beginning with *Oremus* and ending with one of the conventional formulas to which the people answer *Amen*. Along with the *collect* and the *secret* the *postcommunion* is a relic of the very oldest usages in the Roman Mass. For the name "postcommunion" some old manuscripts supply the name *oratio ad complendum*, but this term is more aptly and correctly applied to another prayer which we will consider later.

Devotional considerations:

In the east the dominating note of the prayer after communion is thanksgiving for the wondrous gift of Christ's body and blood. This has given rise to the term "Eucharist" applied to the whole sacred action, for eucharist is a Greek word for thanksgiving. In the Roman Mass, however, the central note is one of petition, that the graces received in the sacrament might become effective.

In this difference, as one eminent writer points out, we see the bald realism of early Christian piety as formulated in Rome. Instead of the long drawn-out devotions of present-day religiosity, where stress is laid on earnest meditation and prayer over the presence within, primitive Catholicism transferred to the activity of Christian charity the office of giving God due thanks.

Side Glances

by The Bystander

Recently we received a neat little communication from a commercial firm in the east which offered us, for the sum of \$200.00, a list of 10,000 names of well-to-do people, who, it is promised, will come across handsomely if we make an appeal to them in the name of charity. The list is certified as "live," which means, no doubt that it is kept up to date, and that those who are on it may not be expected to die or move until we get in our lucrative appeal. Moreover the list is said to be "proven," and statistics are given to show how many thousands of dollars the same people have contributed in answer to past correspondence appeals.



To the 10,000 people on the list we hereby state emphatically: you will be spared an appeal from us. You will not open your mail some fine morning and find therein a neat little letter from THE LIGUORIAN, designed to touch your heart and make you reach for your check-book. Not that we don't believe in begging and charity. We believe in begging. We believe in giving a bit of change to the tramp who asks us for the price of a cup of coffee—despite all the laws that are passed against tramps. We believe in charity, and in the obligation of people of wealth to give to good causes. We believe in asking help from our friends when we need it, and in giving help to friends who need us, because that is what true friendship is for. We believe in writing letters to strangers to tell them about something worth while that we have to sell them, and we believe in their right to toss the letters into the waste-basket. But we don't believe in harassing 10,000 strangers with outright appeals for donations when we know that the same 10,000 people are on the mailing lists of maybe a score and maybe a hundred other organizations. This sort of thing has already been pushed too far. It has provided an open invitation to crooks and "moochers," and has reached the point where it is a source of scandal to many good people. It has placed "begging" too near to the plane of big business, and big business is anything but a medium of charity and religion.



Perhaps part of our resentment against the very offer is due to the fact that it is made to us in our capacity as editors of a Catholic magazine. The assumptions of those who compiled the list might be worded as follows: "You edit a Catholic magazine. That means that you are everlastingly in need of money, like all Catholic magazines. All Catholic publications are everlastingly begging and pleading for donations. In fact, many of them are published not to inspire people to read but to give. Therefore, you, like the rest, will want our list of tried and proven names." Possibly we resent these assumptions because they have so much of truth. And we resent the truth in them because it has placed a stigma on all Catholic publications that years of effort will not remove. We recognize the essential fact that there must always

THE LIGUORIAN

be publications which announce themselves on every page as designed to inspire people to support home and foreign Missions, to promote works of charity and zeal. We honor such publications when they forthrightly announce their purpose, and support them ourselves. But what we dislike and condemn is the fact that Catholic editors and writers have so seldom seemed to believe that it was worthwhile to publish a paper or magazine for the sole purpose of giving people their money's worth in reading matter alone. The reaction has become almost-universal to any appeal to subscribe to Catholic publications: "I'll do it because it represents charity. I'll pay the money, and I know I won't get anything much worth reading." It is that reaction against which we are crusading. We believe (quixotically, we have been told, by the representatives of the begging fraternity of editors) that it is possible to sell Catholic reading matter for a profit, if it be the kind of reading matter that is worth while. We believe it so firmly that we are selling reading matter without profit, at all but cost, and the moment we have to beg to continue doing so, in that moment we shall decide that we have reached an end of our usefulness as an organ of Catholic thought and withdraw from the field.



It is without the least sadness, therefore, that we drop the letter offering us 10,000 "live and proven" names and addresses into our own waste-basket. The \$20,000 that is all but guaranteed us if we purchase the names may be given to other worthy causes. We know of many missionary endeavors, some of which we are personally interested and engaged in, where \$20,000 could be used without the wasting of a penny. The day may come when we shall be commanded to beg for God or for souls; and we shall put all the heart we have in the cause and the appeal. But, we don't want that confused with the aims we are driving at now: to uphold the honor and the dignity of the Catholic Press, to prove that reading matter can and should be considered desirable and worth paying for on the part of Catholic people, and to that end to *give* every bit as much as we *receive*.



No one, of course, should take from this the least approval of a policy of giving nothing to good causes that are properly presented to them with unassailable credentials. Catholics in the United States may well prepare themselves for almost limitless appeals after the war is over. The United States will be the fountain-head of both charity and missionary activity when that time comes. When appeals come through the hierarchy, through pulpit and pastor, when missionaries are sent to Europe and Asia and Africa, even to Russia and Japan, generous hearts will be needed to speed them on their journeys and to uphold their hands. Then we too shall give as we shall be encouraging others to do likewise.



Catholic Anecdotes

LESSON IN PRAYER

WHY should I pray?" said the young disciple of an Eastern philosopher to his master one day. "God is all-knowing; He does not require our words to know our needs. And God is kind; of His own accord He will give us what is good for us. Moreover, God is eternal; can we change the plans of the Eternal by praying?"

Thereupon the master grew silent and sad, and after some time the young man asked him what was the matter.

"I am sad," said the old philosopher, "because I have a friend who until now has carefully cultivated his fields and lived well from them, but now he has cast aside plow and scythe, and intends to leave the fields alone, saying that he can live from them without work."

"Is this friend of yours insane?" asked the youth.

"No; on the contrary, he is otherwise a very clever person. But now he says: God is almighty, therefore he can easily give me my bread without my having to plow with back bent and eyes cast down. And God is good, He will furnish a table for me."

"But Master, to think thus is to tempt God."

"It is indeed, my son. And you are the one who acts thus. Are you not tempting God? Is prayer less than work? One man in his sloth does not want to fix his eyes on the earth in order to reap a material harvest; and you in your conceit do not want to turn your eyes toward heaven in order to receive spiritual blessings."

PASSWORD

A GOOD old lady lay on her deathbed. All her life she had tried to serve God in the best way she could, and now there was only one thing that caused her worry. She spoke of it to the priest

THE LIGUORIAN

when he came to visit her:

"Father, when I arrive in heaven and stand before the great God, what am I to say to Him, ignorant old woman that I am? I was never accustomed to high and noble society. I am afraid that I shall not be able to speak a word."

The priest was silent for a moment, touched by the humility and faith of the sick woman. Then he said:

"Be quite assured. As soon as you arrive before the throne of God, bow your head humbly and say: 'Praise be to Jesus Christ,' and immediately you will hear the answer re-echo from every corner of heaven: 'Forever and ever, amen. Forever and ever, amen.'"

NOT TO BE EXCLUDED

THERE are many stories told about the immortal Rockne of Notre Dame, but none is more touching than the following.

It was First Communion day in the church attended by Rockne's family, and one of his little boys was among those who were to receive Our Lord for the first time.

The time came for them to go up to the altar, the organ began to play that much-loved hymn: "O Lord, I Am Not Worthy," and as Rockne's son, who was last in line, rose from his place, he was surprised to see his father accompany him with folded hands. Everyone knew that Rockne was not a Catholic, and could not receive, and the little boy turned to him and said:

"Daddy, go back to your seat! You can't receive with me!"

"It's all right, Junior," whispered Rockne, "Don't worry. It's all right."

They went up to the Communion railing and knelt side by side, but the little boy had a very worried look on his face, and just before the priest reached him with the sacred host, he turned again to his father:

"Daddy, please go back to your seat," he pleaded. "You're not a Catholic. You can't receive Holy Communion." But this time the priest himself interposed.

"It's all right, Junior," he said, kindly. "I baptized your Daddy last night."

Pointed Paragraphs

October's Repetitious Prayer

A not unusual question of non-Catholics who are approaching the Catholic faith is how a person can find spiritual satisfaction in the constant repetition of the same prayers as is done in the recitation of the rosary. Some Catholics feel or express annoyance at the question, as if it were necessarily offered in bad faith. A little understanding of the background of most Protestants will reveal it as an honest question, and a golden opportunity for stressing certain fundamental Catholic truths.

The Protestant is brought up to rely almost exclusively on originality in prayer. He has the Lord's prayer, it is true, but by far the majority of his prayers are spontaneous effusions of the heart. Thus, an important part of the Protestant minister's task on a Sunday morning is that of publicly pronouncing his latest home-made prayer, as a sample of how the layman in the pew can make up his prayers. Why, asks the prospective convert, should that beautiful practice be taken away from the Catholic and replaced by repetitious prayers like the rosary?

The answer is that the practice of spontaneous or original prayer is not denied to nor ever frowned upon by the Catholic. As a matter of fact, it is encouraged constantly. The Catholic is taught to make frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament and there to pour out his heart in his own way in prayer; he is urged to pray in every temptation, but no set formula of prayer is forced upon him; he is encouraged to make meditation every day, and meditation is only a private, personal conversation with God.

Into this general insistence on prayer, the rosary fits as an aid to concentration, when the heart, left to itself, might dry up too soon; as a prayer whose parts, having been composed by God or His Mother or great Saints, surpass in beauty and effectiveness anything that the

heart of a poor sinner might inspire him to say; and as a prayer that can be made the common prayer of a group large or small — a prayer that a dozen may say together, or a hundred or a thousand. Even when one prays the rosary alone, there is a feeling of union with others: one knows that the same words are being said by thousands of others scattered throughout the world.

Of course, too, in the Protestant's background is the distrust he has been taught of prayers offered to God through the hands of His Mother. Once the correct doctrine of Mary's place in the religion of Christ is learned, that she was meant from the beginning to be the maternal intercessor between man and God, with all that that implies, once all distrust has been replaced by child-like confidence and devotion, then it becomes natural to repeat, over and over, never too often: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now, and at the hour of our death.

Post War Progress

Gradually, as it becomes more and more evident that, no matter how many sacrifices have still to be made, the end of the war is in sight, we are hearing more and more of the glorious developments of science during the post-war period. Television will be released to all who have possessed radios before. Airplanes will be as common as automobiles. Homes will be built with a hundred times more comforts than they ever knew before. Progress will be made against disease that men of medicine only dreamed about in days gone by. And so on.

All this scientific progress will constitute a danger that we should recognize and be prepared for because the world has gone through it before. The danger will be that men in the mass will again be tempted to say: Science is everything. Science has replaced religion. We no longer have need of God or religion. Science has the answer to every problem of the world.

We went through all that once before. When the first electric lights were illuminating the dark corners of our cities, when the first air-planes rose off the ground and set men to flying like birds, when the first automobiles began to roll off mass production assembly lines, Science vs. Religion had one of its greatest eras. By the thousands men abandoned Religion and worshipped Science. They thought there

were no limits to what Science would do for them. They even made the brash prophecy that Science would bring to an end all unhappiness; would make war impossible; would usher in the millenium of world-wide peace. God was not needed; Religion was a myth; Science was all.

There is no one yet living who does not know how tragically disappointing were the promises of Science. Instead of making happiness for all, its worshippers were responsible for the worst depression the world has ever known. As if that were not enough to prove its helplessness, the first era of the reign of Science as a God ended in the present world wide war, when every single new development it brought into the world was turned into an instrument of destruction and death.

We shall be in danger of the same inevitable course of events if, after the war, we again let ourselves think that, because Science can give us many new things, it can satisfy all our needs. It can never satisfy our need of God. It can never make for peace if men are not inspired by true love for one another, based on the love of God and hope of heaven. Science can give us many things to make life pleasant and comfortable and even exciting. Science cannot give us freedom from want and fear and war.

Remember this when the new era of Science dawns. When you pilot your own airplane and drive your astonishing new automobile, and watch football games in the panel of your television set — remember, too, you still will not be able to starve your soul and live in peace.

Sursum Corda!

"After the war there will come not the terrors which the small minded dread, but the glorious fulfillment of the hopes of faithful and magnanimous hearts."

Among the "viewers with alarm" and the "fearers for the worst" so plentiful in the war-torn world of today, it is a relief and an inspiration to hear from any quarter, however humble, an expression of confidence that things will not always be growing worse, and that there is room for hope even in the war-torn world of today.

And so amid the voices which insist that there is no glimmer of better days anywhere on the horizon, that we shall lose even if we

THE LIGUORIAN

win no matter how we look at it, that the future holds dread terrors to exceed even the dread reality of the present, it comes as a bracing and life-giving tonic to hear the Pope of Rome flatly give the lie to these small minded prophets of doom.

For it is no other than Pius XII himself who gives this message of hope to a struggling, agonizing world: "there will come" (and what power to console his calm certainty contains!) "there will come the glorious fulfillment of the hopes of faithful and magnanimous hearts!" For this is Pius XII, who from his watchtower on Vatican hill knows more of the world's misery today, and more of the perils that threaten it tomorrow, than any other man alive; Pius XII, who by reason of his holy office aided by his personal sanctity can penetrate the future with a gaze more certain than that of any other statesman or prophet in the world; Pius XII it is who dismisses fear and pessimism and despair as "terrors which the small minded dread," and bids the world look up, and lift up its heart, for its redemption is at hand!

Other Popes in the past have undertaken to speak in prophetic vein of the future; and their prophecies have been fulfilled. Leo XIII in particular, at the end of the smug, self-satisfied nineteenth century, when "science" had unravelled the last secrets of the universe and "progress" had put an end to war and barbarism for all time, raised his voice again and again to warn against the mystery of iniquity still at work in the world, and to predict disasters and upheavals to come; and they have come.

But now that they have come, the new Pope, Pius XII, is no longer the prophet of woe. The scourge has been laid upon a proud, sinful, self-sufficient humanity; but the Pope does not glory in it nor bid it remain. Leo XIII may have been the prophet of punishment; but Pius XII is the Pope of confidence in God. "The fierce intensity of the trial," he says, "will endure even here below only for a fixed time, and not longer; the hour of God will come . . . the hour in which, after having let the hurricane loose on humanity for a moment, the all-powerful Hand of the Heavenly Father, with an imperceptible motion, will detain it and disperse it, and *by ways little known to the mind or to the hopes of men, justice, calm, and peace will be restored to the nations.*"



LET'S DRAFT MOTHERS

At last people are waking up to the terrible harm that is being done to the present generation of young people by the fact that so many mothers have left their flock and unnecessarily taken up jobs in industry. Daily newspapers are quoting judges, policemen, welfare workers and students of crime to the effect that delinquency and juvenile lawlessness have more than doubled since we got into the war, and practically unanimously they are agreeing that the cause lies in untended homes.

Furthermore, the situation is resulting in a deplorable increase in the divorce rate, and in almost open adultery on the part of wives whose husbands are away fighting for them.

Behind all these sad signs of the times is greed, giving proof again that the love of money is the root of all evil. Mothers want money more than they want the welfare of their children, and so they take a job and let their children take care of themselves. Once at work, they think how nice it is to be smiled at, made over, sought after and courted by the men around them. Those men have plenty of money to spend after working hours and are glad to spend it on any new acquaintance, married or not. It is easy to see how that can lead to infidelity, restlessness, and divorce.

There has been a great deal of talk on the part of the government about drafting workers for wartime jobs. We do not think anything better, for the good of the country, could possibly be done than to draft mothers out of industry and put them back in their homes. Then the available man-power outside of defense jobs, which is still considerable, could be drafted and put to work in the munitions factories.

It would be a trying bit of regimentation, but not too drastic for the purpose. To save one child from a life of lawlessness is a grand work; to save a million cannot possibly be measured in its value to the country. And a million children need saving right now.

◆-----LIGUORIANA-----◆

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

The Prayers of the Mass FOURTH PART (Cont.)

The Canon

6. *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.* (And lead us not into temptation.) How are these words to be understood?

From Short Explanation of the Prayers of Mass. Does God sometimes tempt us — does He lead us into temptation? No; for St. James says: *God is not a tempter of evils, and He tempteth no man.* This text we must understand as we do that of Isaias: *Blind the heart of this people . . . lest they see.* God never blinds any sinner, but He often refuses to grant to some, in punishment for their ingratitude, the light that He would have given them had they remained faithful and grateful. Hence when it is said that God makes any one blind, it is meant that He withholds the light of His grace. This, therefore, is the sense of the prayer, *and lead us not into temptation*; we ask God not to permit us to have the misfortune of being in those occasions of sin in which we might fall. Hence we should always watch and pray as the Lord exhorts us to do, in order not to fall into temptation: *Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation.* To enter into temptation means the same as to find one's self in the danger of falling into sin; we should therefore often say to God, *Lord, lead us not into temptation.*

7. *Sed libera nos a malo.* (But deliver us from evil.) There are three kinds of evils from which we should ask the Lord to deliver us — the temporal evils of the body, the spiritual evils of the soul, and the eternal evils of the next life. As for the temporal evils of this life, we ought always to be disposed to receive with resignation those that God sends us for the good of our souls, such as poverty, sickness, and desolation; and when we ask God to deliver us from temporal evils we should always do so on condition that they are not necessary nor useful for our salvation. But the true evils from which we should pray absolutely to be delivered are spiritual evils, sins, which are the cause of eternal evils. Moreover, let us be convinced of this infallible truth, that in the present state of corrupt nature we can not be saved unless we pass through the many tribulations with which this life is filled: *Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God.*

The priest finishes the Lord's prayer with the word *Amen*, which he pronounces in a low voice, because he represents the person of Jesus Christ, who is the foundation of all the divine promises. This word is a summary of all the petitions that have been made — petitions the repetition of which pleases the Lord, for the more we pray to God the more He will hear

our prayers. The great people of this world are not pleased when they are importuned by petitions; but this importunity is pleasing to God, says St. Jerome. Cornelius à Lapede even assures us that God wishes that we should persevere in this importunity in our prayers.

FIFTH PART

From the Prayer "Libera nos" till the Communion

Immediately after the *Pater noster* the priest recites the prayer *Libera nos, quaesumus, Domine* (Deliver us, O Lord), by which he asks the Lord for himself and for all the faithful to grant, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, of the apostles and of all the saints, a continual peace during the days of the present life, so that His divine mercy may preserve them from every sin and from all confusion.

He then says, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum* (May the peace of the Lord be always with you). He wishes the peace of the Lord for all his brethren, who answer him with the same wish: *Et cum spiritu tuo* (And with thy spirit). He makes at the same time upon the chalice, with the particle of the Host which he holds in his hand, three signs of the cross, which indicate, according to St. Thomas, the three days that Christ spent in the tomb.

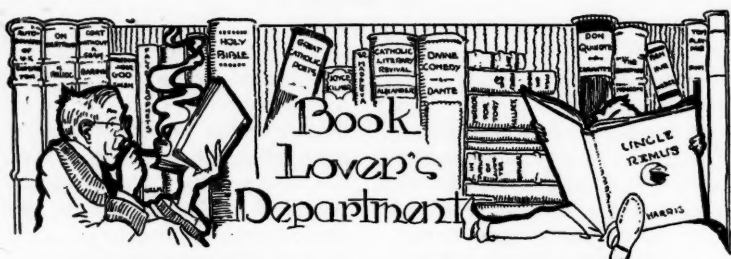
The priest then drops the sacred particle into the chalice and says these words: *Haec commixtio et consecratio Corporis et Sanguinis Domini nostri Jesu Christi fiat accipientibus nobis in vitam aeter-*

nam! (May this mixture and consecration of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ be to us that receive it effectual to eternal life). Explaining these words, *Consecratio . . . fiat*, Bellarmin says that we do not here ask that the consecration should take place, but that it be profitable for eternal life to those who are about to receive Jesus Christ in Holy Communion. This mixture of the holy species represents the union of the divinity with the humanity which was at first effected in the womb of Mary through the Incarnation of the Word, and which is renewed in the souls of the faithful when they receive Him in the Eucharistic Communion.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi (Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world). Before Communion the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ, as the victim of the sacrifice, is invoked, and is invoked three times, to point out the need that we have of His grace, in order to be reconciled with God and to receive His grace.

Here follow the three prayers that precede Communion.

In the first prayer—*Domine Jesu Christe, qui dixisti Apostolis tuis, pacem relinquo vobis* (Lord Jesus Christ, who said to Thy Apostles, I leave you peace)—prayer is offered to God that He may vouchsafe to grant peace to the Church in consideration of her faith, and keep her in union, according to His will, by delivering her from the division produced by false doctrine, and from all that is contrary to the divine will.—



CATHOLIC AUTHORS

5. Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.

I. Life: Charles L. O'Donnell first saw the light of day on November 15, in Greenfield, Indiana. At the age of 14 he enrolled at Notre Dame to begin his long preparation for the priesthood. On completion of his theological studies at Holy Cross he was raised to the sacred priesthood in 1910. After post-graduate studies at The Catholic University and Harvard, Father O'Donnell returned as Professor of English to the Notre Dame campus that was to figure so prominently in his life. World War I found him serving as chaplain to the famed "Rainbow Division" in France and Italy. When the Armistice had been signed he was back once more at Notre Dame in his old role as Professor of English. In 1920 his fellow religious elected him Provincial of their congregation of Holy Cross; in 1928 he was appointed President of Notre Dame. Father O'Donnell's early death in 1934 deprived the Catholic world of one of her best poets, and the Congregation of Holy Cross of one of her most loyal sons.

II. The Poet: Despite the manifold administrative details that consumed his time as Provincial and as President of Notre Dame, Father O'Donnell still found time to sing the songs that filled his heart. He was a religious poet whose central theme was the tremendous news that God had become man. Time and time again he returned to the most important fact of the Incarnation of Christ. Often his religious poetry reaches the heights of mystical experience.

His power is not bound up with the use of strained figures that tinkle in the ear, excite the imagination and leave the mind unsatisfied. His power is rather that of the simple word that paints beautiful pictures and suggests profound truths. Father O'Donnell's poems bring a message to all.

III. The Book: *The Collected Poems of Charles L. O'Donnell* (Notre Dame) has been published recently. Some manuscript poems have been added to his three volumes: *The Dead Musician*, *Cloister* and *The Rime of the Road*. This collection reveals Father O'Donnell as the true poet, the seer of supernatural truths beyond the ken of ordinary men. One of the best poems is the "Dead Musician" written in memory of Brother Basil, organist for half a century at Notre Dame. Here are the opening lines of the poem:

THE LIGURIAN

"He was the player and the played upon,
He was the actor and the acted on,
Artist, and yet himself a substance wrought;
God played on him as he upon the keys,
Moving his soul to mightiest melodies
Of lowly serving, hid austerities."

The Dead Musician and the other poems in the collection will be appreciated by all lovers of poetry.

Rating of Best Sellers

I. Books that are recommended for family reading:

Without Orders—*Albrand*
Vertical Warfare—*Drake*
The Shining Trail—*Fuller*
Variety of Weapons—*King*
When Hearts are Light Again—*Loring*
Colour Scheme—*Marsh*
With a Merry Heart—*Phelan*.
The Free Man—*Richter*
Spin in, Dumbwhacks—*Ryan*
Torpedo 8—*Wolfert*

II. Books that are recommended to adults only because of content and style or because of some immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

On Being a Real Person—*Fosdick*
Moscow Dateline—*Cassidy*
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo—*Lawson*
Twelve Months that Changed the World—*Lesueur*.
Between Tears and Laughter—*Lin Yutang*.
Origins of the American Revolution—*Miller*
History of Bigotry in the United States—*Myer*
Century of the Common Man—*Wallace*
Time of Peace—*Williams*
Western Star—*Benet*
Supper at Maxwell House—*Crabb*
Without Lawful Authority—*Coles*
A Sense of Humus—*Damon*
Citizen Tom Paine—*Fast*
Letters from New Guinea—*Haughland*
Penhallow—*Heyer*
Centennial Summer—*Idell*
The Battle is the Payoff—*Ingersoll*
So Little Time—*Marquand*
God is My Co-Pilot—*Scott*
Queens Die Proudly—*White*

III. Books that are not recommended to any class of reader:

Under Cover—*Carlson*
Winter's Tales—*Dinesen*
Number One—*Dos Passos*
Hungry Hill—*Du Mourier*
Roughly Speaking—*Pierson*
The Fountainhead—*Rand*
Malta Story—*River*
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—*Smith*
Congo Song—*Cloethe*
The Senator's Last Night—*Hackett*
Equinox—*Seager*

OCTOBER BOOK REVIEWS

Of late our attention has been turned to our Southern Neighbors. The Good Neighbor Policy is one of the topics of the day. Congresses are convened, books are published, students are exchanged.

Apparently every effort is being made to promote good will. Hence we should be interested in *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*

(Bruce, 209 pp., \$2.50) by the veteran newspaperman, **Pan Americanism** John W. White. Mr.

White lays down mutual knowledge and respect as the only solid basis of international harmony and co-operation. Protestant America does not know and much less does it respect the spiritual traditions of the South Americans. Protestant Missionaries are sent to preach the Gospel to men and women who have been in possession of the Gospel for over four hundred years. An attempt is being made to "convert" those who are already converted, to christianize those who are already Christian.

South America can not be understood apart from the Catholic religion which forms the backbone of its culture. The prime purpose that Spain and Portugal had in sending their sons to the new world was to christianize the Indians. From colonial days to our own the Catholic Church has been the religion of ninety per cent of the inhabitants. Now the fundamental problem in our relations with our neighbors to the south is precisely our inability to recognize that South America is a civilized country which is already in possession of a Christian religion that perfectly satisfies them. Protestant foreign missionary organizations place the South Americans on the same level as the pagans of Africa, Asia and the cannibal isles. The Catholic South Americans bitterly resent this patronizing attitude of a materially saturated civilization in trying to rob them of their religion. Besides, the Protestant activity is often not a real missionary effort, but a thinly disguised anti-Catholic campaign. Missionaries are not sent to the interior, but to thriving Catholic centers.

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGURIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

The thesis of this book would seem to be the legitimate protest of a Catholic against the unfair proselytizing among his co-religionists in South America. But John White is a non-Catholic who views the situation not from the religious standpoint but from the standpoint of international politics. This work embodies the results of twenty-eight years of experience as a newspaperman in Central and South America. For all those desirous of overcoming the barrier to Pan American good will this book is required reading. Mr. White summarizes the problem in the last paragraph of the work: "The whole future of our relationship with the people of the Southern America depends on the answer to one simple question: Are we going to treat them as heathens or as good neighbors?"

Guide for Authors From his experience on the editorial staff of Herder's, Father Newton Thompson has collected pointers that should be of service to writers. The book is entitled *A Handy Guide for Writers* (Herder, 248 pp., \$2.00). Following an alphabetical order the author presents the rules for spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and usage of words. This work is a book of ready reference for all those who use their pen either from necessity or choice.

Spiritual Books Many Catholics are unaware of the sublime treasure they carry within themselves. To them Sanctifying Grace merely effects the removal of sin; they do not know that Grace also causes the Holy Ghost to dwell in their souls. Father Bede Jarrett's reprinted work: *The Abiding Presence of the Holy Ghost* (Newman, 118 pp., \$1.25) seeks to acquaint Catholics with their privileges. Father Jarrett's volume is based on the classic theological work of Froget *The Indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the Souls of the Just*. The matter is arranged in short meditations that are very well adapted for private meditation. The fact and manner of the

Indwelling are very simply and clearly explained. Practical helps are given in the chapters dealing with the fruits and gifts of the Holy Ghost. This book will be a welcome addition to the library of a priest, seminarian, religious or studious layman.

Father W. H. Russell has published the second volume of his *Chats With Jesus* (Kenedy, 151 pp., \$1.00). The book records short talks with Our Lord in the various Gospel scenes. Intimate yet respectful the *Chats* treat many practical problems of our daily life. The author reveals a rare insight into our needs and the hidden motives of many of our acts. The *Chats* are unhesitatingly recommended as meditative reading for both the religious and the layman.

The Courageous Shall Conquer, by Father H. Brenner (Grail, 131 pp., \$1.00) offers us ways and means of bolstering up our faltering courage. The thirty short chapters of the book are filled with practical hints which are exemplified by a good selection of anecdotes and stories. Father Brenner's short essays are both instructive and interesting.

Trappist Pamphlets Special mention is due to the large number of excellent pamphlets issuing from the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemani, Kentucky. The seventeen Trappist pamphlets are topping the sales of all Catholic pamphlets. It may seem strange that the modern world would be interested in the message coming from the austere silence of a Trappist monastery. Perhaps the only interest would be one of curiosity about the thoughts of such a strange man. But once we take up one of these pamphlets we realize we are listening to a modern man talking to us about our problems in a language we all understand. The style is as modern as television and the Flying Fortress. The pamphlets reveal a mind that sparkles with interest in our problems. The author has not lost touch with the world he knew as a young priest when he was laboring directly for all classes of people. Now in the quiet and holy atmosphere of a Trappist Cloister he records his mature reflections on modern life as he knows it. The author of the best selling *The Man Who Got Even With God* is also the author of this series of brilliant pamphlets. Here there is only space to choose a few for a brief comment. The pamphlets are all worth having and the ones listed below are more or

less selected at random. The average size is around fifty to sixty pages and the price is 10 cents a copy. The entire set makes an ideal gift for a priest, seminarian, religious or Catholic layman or laywomen, young or old.

Doubling for the Man-God is a modern expression of the ageless phrase, "Altar Christus" that so well expresses the dignity and obligations of the priest. This is a serious and straightforward challenge to American priests to live up to their sublime vocation.

Doubling for the Mother of God is a companion pamphlet addressed to Sisters. A fine inspiring booklet that will make a good gift. (If Sister has not one already.)

Life is a Divine Romance—for Catholic young women whose hearts are eager for life and romance.

What Are You Doing To Jesus Christ?—the practical duties to our neighbor as a result of our membership in the Mystical Body.

Let's Build a Home—A timely booklet for the whole family. An appeal to bring back the vanishing institution of the Catholic family life.

Do You Want Life and Love shows us the source of life and love in the frequent reception of Holy Communion.

A Trappist Writes to Mothers Whose Sons Are in the Service—some words of encouragement and consolation to mothers.

You Can Set the World on Fire explains how to enkindle in the hearts of men the fire brought into the world by the Holy Ghost.

Send for any or all of these pamphlets. They are definitely worth while. The other pamphlets will be noted as they appear.

Other Pamphlets From the indefatigable pen of Father Benedict P. Lenz, C.Ss.R., comes the fifth and revised edition of his pamphlet, *Short Indulged Prayers* (Paluch, 48 pp., \$0.10). The author has translated all the short prayers and ejaculations to which the Church has attached an indulgence. In a brief introduction the author explains the conditions necessary for gaining indulgences. This work will help to keep alive the fire of Divine Love in the hearts of men. The necessity of a fifth edition speaks eloquently of the value of the pamphlet.

Lucid Intervals

Hostess: "This is Captain Banks, who has just returned from a trip to the Arctic regions."

Pretty Guest: "Oh, do come nearer the fire. You must be cold."

*

The objector to temperance spoke bitterly. "Water has killed more people than liquor ever did."

"You are raving," declared the teetotaler. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, to begin with, there was the flood!"

*

"Hi, there," bellowed a policeman to an inebriated citizen, "you can't stand there in the street."

"Yes, I can, orfsher," retorted the citizen proudly. "Don't you worry 'bout me. I been standin' here an hour an' ain't fell off yet."

*

A man called at a village postoffice for a registered letter which he knew would be awaiting him. The letter was there, but the clerk demurred at handing it over, as he had no means of identifying the caller. The caller took a photograph of himself from his pocket, remarking:

"I think that ought to satisfy you as to who I am."

The clerk looked long and earnestly at the portrait, and then said:

"Yes, that's you, right enough. Here's your letter."

*

"Lay down, pup, lay down," ordered the man. "Good doggie, lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say 'lie down,' Mister," declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."

*

"I suppose Thompson is the most pious fellow I know."

"Why, he never struck me that way. In fact I always thought him rather worldly."

"Well, I happen to know for a fact that he never kisses his girl without saying grace."

"Why, what in the world does he do that for?"

"That's her name."

"I know what's passing in your mind," said the maiden. "I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to yourself and keeping other nice young men away. You want me to marry you, don't you?"

"I—I do!" gasped the astonished young man.

"I thought so. Very well, I will."

*

A man pinned under his car was being questioned by a policeman.

"Married?"

"No. This is the worst fix I've ever been in."

*

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse just stepped on my hat."

*

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."

"O, *by Jove!* but I must," said the youth.

"Well, friend, as thee hast *sworn*, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

*

Henderson: "Why are you in the air force now? I thought you were in the cavalry."

Peterson: "I got transferred."

"Why was that?"

"Well, after an airplane throws you out, it doesn't generally walk over and bite you."

*

Officer (to man pacing sidewalk at three a.m.): "What are you doing here?"

Gentleman: "I forgot my key, officer, and I'm waiting for my children to come home and let me in."

*

While a young mother was bathing her baby, a neighbor's little girl came in and watched the process. The child was holding a doll minus an arm and leg and much knocked about generally.

"How long have you had your baby?" she asked the mother.

"Three months."

"My, but you've kept her nice!" exclaimed the little girl.

NOTE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

On October 16, a saint's feast is celebrated who belongs in a special way to every wife and mother. He is St. Gerard Majella, whose favorite work in heaven seems to be that of protecting wives and mothers from two things: from the spiritual danger of falling into sins against marriage, like contraception, etc., and from the physical danger, both to themselves and their children, involved in carrying out the responsibilities of marriage. Nothing short of apparent miracles are the means he uses to reward those who place themselves under his care.

To make him even better known (because so many need him in the midst of the two dangers mentioned above) a League of St. Gerard has been established with headquarters at the offices of THE LIGUORIAN. Pamphlets, pictures, medals, and prayers are available, as well as information on membership in The League.

Not only mothers, but all who are interested in the problems of motherhood today are invited to join the League and spread the influence of St. Gerard. Write to the League of St. Gerard, Box 148, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Aerial Gunner	Frontier Fury	Passport to Suez
Air Raid Wardens, The	Fugitive from Sonora	Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Alaska Highway	Fugitive of the Plains	Pilot No. 3
Always a Bridesmaid	Gentle Gangster, A	Power of the Press
Amazing Mrs. Holliday, The	Get Going	Prairie Chickens
Arizona Stagecoach	Ghost and the Guest, The	Purple V, The
Assignment in Brittany	Ghosts on the Loose	Reveille with Beverly
At Dawn We Die	Ghost Rider	Riders of the Rio Grande
Background to Danger	Gildersleeve's Bad Day	Robin Hood of the Range
Black Market Rustlers	Girl Crazy	Saddles and Sagebrush
Billy the Kid in the Renegade	Glory of Faith, The (French)	Saint Meets the Tiger, The
Black Hills Express	Golgotha	Salute to the Marines
Black Raven, The	Good Fellows, The	Santa Fe Scouts
Blazing Frontier	Good Luck, Mr. Yeats	Shantytown
Blocked Trail, The	Guadalajara (Mexican)	Silver Spurs
Bombardier	Hail to the Rangers	Sky's the Limit, The
Bombers Moon	Harrigan's Kid	Sleepy Lagoon
Border Buckaroes	Headin' for God's Country	Small Town Deb
Border Patrol	Henry Aldrich Swings It	So This Is Washington
Bordertown Gunfighters	Hers to Hold	Somewhere in France
Buckskin Frontier	High Explosive	Song of Texas
Calaboose	Hit the Ice	Spitfire
Calling Wild Bill Elliott	Hoosier Holiday	Squadron Leader X
Carson City Cyclone	How's About It?	Story of the Vatican, The
Cattle Stampede	Human Comedy, The	Stranger from Pecos
Chatterbox	It's a Great Life	Stranger in Town
Cinderella Swings It	Johnny Doughboy	Strictly in the Groove
Clancy Street Boys	Kansan, The	Swing Your Partner
Coastal Command	Keep 'Em Slugging	Tennessee Johnson
Colt Comrades	King of the Cowboys	They Came to Blow Up America
Cowboy Commandos	King of the Stallions	This Is the Army
Cowboy in Manhattan	Land of Hunted Men	Thumbs Up
Creo en Dios (I Believe in God) (Mexican)	Law of the Northwest	Tiger Fangs
Crime Doctor	Law of the Saddle	Trail of Terror
Crime Smasher	Law Rides Again, The	Trail Riders
Days of Old Cheyenne	Leather Burners, The	True to Life
Death Rides the Plains	Little Flower of Jesus	Two Tickets to London
Death Valley Manhunt	Man from Thunder River	Two Weeks to Live
Desert Victory	Man Trap, The	Victory Through Air Power
Desperadoes, The	Melody Parade	Virgin of Guadalupe, The
Destroyer	Monastery	West of Texas
Dikie Dugan	Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	Western Cyclone
Eternal Gift, The	My Friend Flicka	We Are the Marines
Falcon in Danger, The	Mysterious Doctor, The	We've Never Been Licked
The False Faces	Night Plane from Chungking	What's Buzzin' Cousin?
Fighting Buckaroo	No Place for a Lady	Wild Horse Stampede
Fighting Valley	Nobody's Darling	Winter Time
Forever and a Day	Our Lady of Paris	Wolves of the Range
Frontier Bad Men	Outlaws of Stampede Pass	Yanks Ahoy
		Youngest Profession, The